THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

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THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

'WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?' HE SAID, BUT HE DID NOT PUSH FORWARD A CHAIR (*page* 177)

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

Stories of Harvard Athletics

BY

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

BULLET-HEAD AND BONE-HEAD

On a fine October morning, when the pale yellow leaves of the elms were sifting the sunlight and the green grass was still shimmering with dew, three members of the junior class in Harvard College stood on the steps of Sever Hall, awaiting the arrival of the professor who was to conduct their nine o'clock recitation. The nine o'clock bell had rung, and along the paths converging toward the building groups of students were approaching at the leisurely pace which experience had shown would bring them to their appointed tasks at the latest acceptable moment.

Among these leisurely saunterers was one young man, smartly, even foppishly attired, at whom as he drew near the three loiterers on the steps looked with unconcealed distaste. From his gray felt hat to his highly polished shoes, his clothes denoted and his face and bearing proclaimed a pride in his own exquisiteness which

was obnoxious to the three critical observers. Nor was it a wholly innocent and childlike pride; rather, it was supercilious and challenging. Ascending the steps, he allowed his gaze to travel up and down the figures of two of the three in a manner to which his subsequent slight, unsmiling nod contributed a final touch of condescension if not of insolence. To the third member of the group his bearing was less frosty; he even said, 'How are you, Reed?' as he passed into the doorway.

'How come you're so favored, Jack?' asked the tall, thin, bespectacled youth who had shared equally with the stocky, ruddy-faced fellow beside him in the elegant personage's disdain.

'Favored? Me?' Reed looked surprised. 'I'd like to knock his block off for addressing me in that tone of voice.'

'He meant well by you,' said the stocky fellow. 'He spoke to you, didn't he?'

Jack Reed's face, ordinarily pleasant in expression, took on a sour look.

'I suppose, as we're members of the same club, I ought to pretend to like him. I don't know anybody, though, that gives me quite such a large-sized pain.'

'He's my cousin,' the stocky fellow said reprovingly. 'You won't forget that, will you?'

The two others laughed.

'That's what he would like to forget,' remarked the tall, bespectacled youth. 'He wishes his country cousin had gone to any other college than Harvard; doesn't he, Dan?'

'I expect he does,' admitted Dan Harris. 'And I should be just as well pleased if he'd gone to Yale.'

'Why is it he has it in for you so?' asked Jack Reed.

'He and I always jarred on each other at Groton,' Dan Harris explained. 'He felt I was a sort of country bumpkin because I came from the West, and I showed him I didn't care what he thought. Then one Christmas vacation his mother invited me to come and stay with them in New York. I couldn't very well go home in such a short vacation, so I made my relatives a visit. My aunt's family live in great style and put on a lot of lugs; it was awful. I had to go to all the parties that Reggie went to, and I hated them; I guess I didn't make a hit with many of Reggie's friends, and most of them made no hit with me. Reggie soon got to feeling that his rube cousin was no asset whatever. I dare say I was a pretty fresh kid — raw too — and, considering I was a guest, I probably didn't make myself as agreeable as I should have done.'

'He's frightfully conceited besides being an

awful snob,' said Reed. 'He finds me worth speaking to only because I was taken into his club. But it hurts him to see a club-mate of his associating with you and Carl.'

'You mustn't let us spoil your social career,' said Carl Porter, his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles.

'What bothers me is how to keep him from spoiling yours,' replied Reed.

'That's the least of my worries,' Carl said. 'I wonder if old Marston is going to give us a cut this morning.'

The rapid approach a moment later of the young professor who conducted the class in French disappointed the hope.

After the recitation, while Dan Harris and Carl Porter were returning to their room, Porter said:

'What do you suppose Jack meant when he said he was afraid Vanamee might spoil our social careers?'

'I suppose we're both of us being considered for election to Jack's club, and Reggie may try to block it.'

'He may be able to do that and still not spoil my college career.'

'You bet. Some advantage in not belonging to a club that has him in it.'

They walked together slowly and without

further speech down Linden Street and entered Randolph Hall, the dormitory in which they lived. With the listlessness engendered by the knowledge that there was now a period for study confronting them, they climbed two flights of stairs. After entering their room, they displayed no impatience to take up their books; Carl Porter dallied by the fireplace filling his pipe, and Dan Harris lighted a cigarette, reclined restfully on a window seat, and looked out of the window.

'Why the deuce should Jack Reed have wanted to make that remark to us?' said Carl in a tone of irritation.

'Oh, forget it,' said Dan, though he himself had been thinking of nothing else.

'Might as well, I guess.' Carl seated himself at his desk; then, placing both knees against it, he tilted back and, balancing in his chair, blew smoke rings and frowned meditatively.

'You know,' said Dan, 'it makes me sort of sick to realize how much I should like to be taken into that club.'

'It's nothing to be ashamed of — to want to be where your friends are.'

'I am ashamed of it, though; it makes me jealous. I wish we had rooms somewhere else, Carl.'

'What's the matter with these rooms?'

'Too near that club. I sit here and look across the street at the windows of it, and when I see some fellow come out or go in, I think, "The lucky devil!" I wish it weren't always right under my eyes; then perhaps it wouldn't always be in my mind.'

'I didn't suppose you cared about it so much.'

'I never cared at all until Jack Reed and Howard Jessup and Steve Brill became members. Then I began to feel more or less cut off from them — do you know the feeling?'

'Don't you think I'm human?'

'I wonder sometimes — you keep your feelings to yourself, and you're sort of a philosopher. But I get sore, and then I'm ashamed of myself — but I go on being sore just the same. — There are Howard Jessup and Steve Brill going in now.'

Carl Porter elevated himself from his chair sufficiently to have a glimpse of the two before they disappeared within the doorway of the attractive Georgian building on the opposite side of the street.

'They always used to look up when they went by and wave if they saw me sitting here,' said Dan. 'But now that they've been taken into the club, they very carefully never look up. I suppose they think it would be ostentatious to wave to me and then turn in to a place from which I'm shut out.'

'Well,' said Carl, 'Jack Reed's remark indicates that perhaps you won't be shut out much longer.'

'It was made to you as much as to me.'

'Then perhaps we neither of us shall be shut out much longer.'

'He made it pretty plain that my dear cousin won't exert himself in our behalf. Though I can't blame Reggie. I don't suppose I should be at all keen about having him taken in, if our positions were reversed.'

'I've got to study history, not psychology,' said Carl, settling down in his chair and taking up a book.

Dan laughed, a bit shamefaced at the rebuke, and moved from the window seat to his desk.

That very evening the question of the election of Harris and Porter came up formally at the club meeting. Jack Reed and several others spoke in favor of the candidates; Dan Harris was an athlete and a good fellow; Carl Porter, though somewhat shy, had a streak of humor that made him attractive when you once knew him; moreover, although he couldn't play any game, he was a keen student of all sports; there was no one who could talk more shrewdly about them, or who could stand on the sidelines and comment so intelligently on the finer points of the play; he was a wise guy if there ever was one.

Thus earnestly did Jack Reed and Howard Jessup urge the merits of their candidates. Then Reggie Vanamee made his blighting speech. He did it with an air of reluctance, at the same time indirectly and cleverly ridiculing the qualifications of the candidates and the enthusiasm of their sponsors. There were clubs in college, he said, that specialized in bullet-headed athletes — though far be it from him to cast aspersions on his cousin. There were clubs that took in fellows who weren't especially interesting — just ordinary good fellows. It was one of those clubs that Dan Harris and his friend Carl Porter were fitted to join. But as members here they would find themselves uncomfortably out of place.

'Why should they? They have plenty of friends here,' Reed said.

'Yes, but no one knows better than yourself that this is a club for wit and intellect — not for bucolic and Bœotian brains.'

The members present were amused by Vanamee's definition of the fit and the unfit. Encouraged by their laughter, he continued:

'Personalities of distinction — those are what we've always had and should have. Not bullet-headed athletes without intelligence and not fellows that just snoop about and look on. There are clubs for the bullet-headed athletes, and there are clubs for the snoopers and lookers-on;

but I should be sorry if we degenerated into a club of that sort.'

Jack Reed protested angrily that the election of his friends would not tend to produce such a result, but when the ballots were counted it was found that both Harris and Porter had been excluded by the narrowest possible margin.

Reed and the other juniors, all of whom had supported the two candidates, were indignant.

'One snobbish senior with a sarcastic tongue can influence enough votes to keep out fellows that practically the whole club wants as members,' Reed complained to Howard Jessup as they stood on the doorstep after the meeting.

'We'll be rid of him next year,' said Jessup.

'Yes, but we want Harris and Porter in now — not a year from now. If I ever get a chance to show Vanamee up — if he ever gives me an opening! — He thinks he's so superior intellectually and every way!'

'The worst of it is, you never will get a chance. He's too bright; he doesn't give openings.'

Scornful though he was of 'bullet-headed athletes,' Reggie Vanamee was no mean athlete himself. He was captain of his class football team, on which he had played center for two years. Francis Montgomery, the regular center of the junior eleven, had to withdraw on account of deficiency in his studies, and Dan Harris,

who had been playing right tackle, was shifted over to take his place. The prospect of confronting his cousin in action stimulated Dan pleasantly; and Jack Reed found the possibilities existing in the situation highly agreeable to contemplate.

'I certainly hope the seniors beat the freshmen and that we beat the sophomores, so that you can have a chance to manhandle Cousin Reggie,' Reed said to Dan one afternoon while they were walking together from Randolph Hall to Soldier's Field.

'I'm looking forward to it,' Dan replied.

'You know what he calls you?' Reed felt it a duty to his class as well as a pleasure to himself to feed fuel to a flame that already promised to burn fiercely.

'No. What?'

'A bullet-headed athlete. No brains. He expects to play rings around you for that reason.'

'Maybe he will; maybe he will. I only hope I have a chance at him!'

Dan gritted his teeth; of course it had been in the club that Reggie had delivered himself of that unflattering characterization — just the kind of utterance that would be most effective in turning those who heard it against a fellow.

The first game in the interclass series was that between the juniors and the sophomores.

As was the traditional custom, the seniors assembled along the sophomores' sideline to cheer for the sophomore team and to hurl taunts and derogatory remarks at the juniors; similarly, the freshmen gave their vociferous support to the juniors and jeered at the sophomores. When the juniors scored a touchdown in the first half, some of their supporters came capering out on the field; similarly, numerous seniors, regardless of the rules, rushed out to give advice to the sophomores.

Among them was Reggie Vanamee, who exhorted them: 'Buck their center! Buck their center! They've got a wooden man for center!' Gradually by the combined efforts of officials, players, and cheer leaders, the intruders were forced from the field; Vanamee, last of them all to leave, was still admonishing the sophomores: 'Through the center, boys! Through the wooden man in the center!'

But on subsequent plays the sophomores found the advice far from helpful; Dan Harris was quite able to hold his own against his opponent, and his ability to do so had not been impaired by Reggie Vanamee's disparaging comments and advice. In the second half the juniors scored again, mainly by means of rushes through the center, and thereafter the spectators on the senior-sophomore side of the field

contributed little to the cheering, though they maintained a hubbub of shouts and derisive yells until time was called, with the juniors victorious by a score of 13 to 0.

'Great work, Dan!' said Jack Reed, who was on the field to greet his friend the instant the game was over. 'I wish Reggie had been up against you this afternoon! It will be a crime if the freshmen lick the seniors and you have no chance to deal with him!'

'Of course we've got to be pulling for the freshmen,' Dan reminded him.

'Yes, but for just that one reason I should hate to have them win.'

The freshmen did not win, and Dan Harris, who watched the game, realized that his cousin Reggie, for all his foppishness, was a highly capable football player. Reggie was quick, alert, accurate in his passing, sure in his tackling. To Carl Porter afterwards Dan expressed somewhat ruefully his surprise at the ability and dash that Reggie had shown. 'I guess I can hold him,' Dan said, 'but I want to do so much more to him than just that!'

'Sure, you want to make him look like a whipped puppy,' said Carl Porter. 'And I think, if you'll listen to words of wisdom, you will.'

'What has the keen student of the game discovered now?' Dan asked.

'I watched Vanamee every time he handled the ball,' replied Porter. 'And I saw something that you didn't see and that no one on the freshman team saw. And if anyone of the freshman team had noticed it, the game would have turned out quite differently from the way it did.'

'Go on!' Dan looked at him with incredulity. 'You're a pretty wise guy about athletics for a fellow that never takes part in them, but I guess your imagination has got the better of you now.'

'The ball's in play, isn't it, after the center of the side that has it lifts it off the ground?'

'Yes, if there are seven men of that team on the line of scrimmage.'

'Just keep that in mind when you go up against your cousin. What happened three times in the freshman game is pretty sure to happen again.'

'Well, what did happen?'

'The seniors don't use the huddle, you know. Three separate times after their quarterback had called the signal Vanamee got all ready to pass and then decided to change the play. He called for a new signal each time after he'd lifted the ball from the ground, and each time he put it down and took his hands off it and stood up for a few seconds while the quarterback started to reel off a new signal.'

'Are you sure?'

'Positive. I was watching him all the time, hoping I could get something on him for you.'

'I hope he'll make that mistake against me just once!'

'There's a fair chance that he will. He's got the habit, I believe.'

'Just like him — wanting to correct other people and doing a fool thing himself! Funny the freshmen should have let him get away with it.'

'They seemed to take it for granted that it was all right. I don't believe a single person on the field except myself noticed it or at least thought about it. But I'm sure if you took advantage of it the referee would say you were absolutely right.'

'He probably wouldn't have noticed the play.'

'He'd be on the line of scrimmage watching the ball, and he'd remember what had happened when his attention was called to it.'

'Perhaps,' said Dan doubtfully. 'Anyway, we'll hope for the chance.'

It came late in the second half of a game as hotly contested and as exciting as any intercollegiate game could be. In the first half each eleven had scored a touchdown; the seniors had kicked their goal, but the juniors had failed; during the second half the battle had raged up and down the field, neither team displaying

enough superiority or being sufficiently favored by luck to increase its score. As the minutes passed and it became probable that the seniors would win, 7 to 6, the excitement of the spectators urged them often out on the field, with the result that the play would be held up while the substitutes of the two teams begged or forced the invaders to draw back behind the sidelines.

The violence of the struggle wore out players on each side; replacements of exhausted men had been numerous, but the two centers who had faced each other at the opening of play were still opposing each other, determined, watchful, unyielding. Equally matched they had been throughout, sure in their passing, strong on both offense and defense. As the game proceeded, Reggie Vanamee, nettled by his cousin's power of resistance, abandoned the silently contemptuous and arrogant manner which he had adopted at the beginning and tried to unsettle Dan by jeering remarks. 'The next play is going right through you, Bullet-head,' he would say; and sometimes it would indeed be aimed at Dan, and if it gained two or three yards Vanamee would grin and say, 'You don't think quick enough, Bullet-head; now see if you can stop this next one.'

Dan made no reply to taunt or jeer; he knew that, if he was not outplaying Reggie, he was

at least not being outplayed by him, and he thought that now Reggie was trying to talk in order to bolster up his own waning strength. Dan had lost faith in the value of the information that Carl Porter had given him; not once thus far had Reggie changed the quarterback's signal; not once had he lifted the ball off the ground and put it down again without passing it. Nevertheless, when the seniors had possession of the ball Dan watched the center's hands with the eyes of a cat waiting to pounce.

The seniors' quarterback became exhausted; a substitute quarterback was sent in, and shortly after his entrance into the game the ball went to the seniors on downs at their thirty-yard line. The new quarterback called a signal; Vanamee, stooping over with his hands on the ball, hesitated, lifted the ball off the ground a little, then set it down and, calling 'Signal!' stood up and turned toward his quarterback.

Instantly Dan plunged forward, scooped up the ball, hurled Vanamee and the quarterback aside with his shoulder, and flashed on past the startled halfbacks and fullback, who, not believing that the play would be allowed, refused to give chase. Dan sped on, planted the ball behind the seniors' goal, and stood there, holding it and awaiting the decision.

Instantly the players on both teams swarmed

round the referee, a student in the Law School, who unhesitatingly announced, 'Touchdown!' At that the juniors broke away and leaped about in wild Indian dances, their followers on the side-line set up a most tumultuous yell and started Indian dances of their own, and the members of the senior eleven crowded more earnestly and indignantly round the referee. Vanamee, standing close before him, shouted in anger, 'The ball wasn't in play!'

'It was in play,' declared the referee. 'You lifted it off the ground and put it down again. It was in play the moment you took it up.'

'It was not! By the rules the center puts the ball in play by snapping it back.'

'The important thing is that you took it off the ground and then took your hands off it,' insisted the referee.

The captain of the junior team entered into the argument. The umpire, like the referee a law student, produced a copy of the book of rules from his pocket. The two teams stood massed round him while he read, 'Snapping the ball is putting it back from its position on the ground with one quick or continuous motion of the hand or hands, the ball actually leaving the hands in this motion.'

'Certainly I did nothing of the sort,' declared Vanamee.

'You did exactly that,' retorted the referee. 'You picked the ball up, like this' — he illustrated — 'drew it back in the air a few inches, like this, and then set it down, like this — all one quick and continuous motion.'

'Right,' said the umpire. 'The ball was in play.'

Again the junior team broke loose from the mass and leaped about and whooped with joy. And then some of them ran to Dan, who had been standing all the while behind the goal line holding the ball; clapping him on the back, they escorted him out for the line-up from which the try for goal was to be made. And this time, just before putting the ball in play, Dan, who had received all Vanamee's taunts in silence, looked up at his opponent and said, 'Reggie, old bonehead, you've lost this game all right.'

He passed the ball back and Vanamee charged into him, more intent on taking physical revenge than on blocking the kick. Over his head sailed the ball, and over the crossbar of the goal; the score was 13 to 7 in favor of the juniors.

Thirteen to seven it remained when the last whistle blew. While the crowd of juniors surrounded their victorious team, cheered vociferously, and then set off on a triumphal march, headed by their brass band, the seniors moved away in gloomy groups, the more violent among

THE TWO TEAMS STOOD MASSED ROUND HIM WHILE HE READ

them muttering that they had been robbed, the milder ones comforting themselves by saying that it was no disgrace to lose a game on a technicality. In the Locker Building Dan Harris, receiving the congratulations of his team mates, gave full credit to Carl Porter — 'best football scout in the college to-day.' And the story of Porter's contribution to the victory spread among his classmates and won for him a certain renown; having been regarded except by his friends as a rather negligible person, he was now looked at and spoken of with respect — 'a wise guy, that doesn't tell all he knows.'

'I don't know whether the decision was right or not,' said Dan that evening.

'I don't either,' said Porter. 'Even if it was my idea, it certainly wasn't much of a way to win a game.'

'You aren't blaming me for taking advantage of it, are you?' asked Dan resentfully.

'No, of course not; only somehow there's a whole lot less satisfaction than I thought there would be when I doped it out.'

Jack Reed and in fact all the other juniors who had not participated in the game had no qualms. And at the club that evening, at a meeting called for the election of new members, Jack Reed again presented the names of Carl Porter and Dan Harris.

'They were voted down at the last meeting by the smallest possible margin,' he stated. 'Carl Porter was opposed on the ground that he was a snooper and a looker-on, and Dan Harris because he was a bullet-headed athlete. Does the gentleman who opposed them for those reasons withdraw his opposition now — or does he want me to make a few further remarks?'

Jack Reed stood, a doughty figure, glaring a challenge at Reggie Vanamee, while the other members laughed. It must be said for Vanamee that he could recognize a situation and make the best of it.

'If the club wants to have as a member,' he said, 'a snooper who snipes from the sideline, and a bullet-headed athlete who, I will admit, is not altogether bone-headed —'

'Like some others,' interjected Reed.

'I knew you couldn't resist that opening, and I was glad to give it to you. Now I hope you're pacified.' Vanamee paused and smiled satirically at Reed. Then he continued, 'I'm ready to put aside my personal preferences and cast my vote for those two gentlemen who contributed so ably to the grand and glorious victory that Mr. Reed and his classmates are still celebrating.'

He received the tribute of laughter and applause as he sat down, and then Reed on a sud-

den impulse crossed the room and shook hands with him. A few moments later both Porter and Harris had been elected members without a dissenting vote.

And oddly enough, in time it came about that no friendlier feeling, no more cordial liking, united any three members of the club than that which at last bound Carl Porter and Dan Harris to Reggie Vanamee. But then, as Jack Reed said, Vanamee always was a perverse sort of person.

THE CAMERA NEVER LIES!

In the paneled dining-room of the club, Carl Porter, having finished his luncheon, sat alone on a sunny day in February, smoking a cigarette and trying to decide whether he should return to his room in Randolph Hall and go to work on the history thesis that would be due the next week, or join Dan Harris and Howard Jessup and other members of the club in the expedition for which they were preparing. Howard had promised to have his automobile in front of the club in ten minutes; Reggie Vanamee was taking his car too; they would drive out to Sudbury, play hockey for a couple of hours on the pond there, have tea at the Wayside Inn, and be back in time for dinner. Carl was still debating the question, duty versus pleasure, when Sam Collins displayed his cheerful face in the doorway of the dining-room and asked him why he sat so lonely and forlorn. Carl explained his dilemma and asked Sam if he was going with the crowd to Sudbury.

'No, I have a date to play squash racquets. I've drawn Eben Galloway in the tournament, and I want to get some good practice before I go up against him.'

'I've never seen that bird play squash racquets, but I don't doubt that he's good,' said Carl. 'He's a crack tennis player. And he'll gyp you out of every point that he possibly can — or else he's reformed since I last saw him in action.'

Sam's open, ruddy countenance betrayed concern and incredulity. He came into the dining-room and said, 'Why, what sort of thing does he do?'

'He's overbearing and not too square.'

'It's funny, when he's that sort of a fellow, that he should have any friends. Yet he seems quite popular.'

'Why, if you don't come up against him in competition, he can be pleasant enough. But it seems as if a mania to win, any old way, gets hold of him when he enters a sporting event.'

'What has given you that idea about him?' Sam asked, unwilling to be convinced.

'He and I are members of the same country club, and I've often seen him play in tournaments, and I know what his reputation is. But perhaps he's turned over a new leaf. — Well, there's Howard with his car. I guess I won't hold out against temptation.' He rose languidly.

'So long,' said Sam. 'I wish I were going with you. But if you're right about Galloway, it's

all the more necessary for me to practice squash this afternoon.'

Perhaps more than any other game, squash racquets gives a player who is defective in sportsmanship an advantage over one who is unwilling to resort to unfair methods. Played in an enclosed and narrow court, it affords the unscrupulous player numerous opportunities to interfere with his opponent's strokes and to claim that his own strokes have been blocked or hampered.

Sam knew that Carl Porter's analysis of character was likely to be correct. Yet to Sam, Eben Galloway, in the meeting when they arranged for their match, seemed so hearty and genial, so ready to accept any suggestion, as to be quite different from the fellow that Carl had described. Eben was big and well-knit, not lanky and loose-limbed like Sam; his voice and manner were agreeable; in fact he had so many prepossessing qualities that the beady character of his eyes and the slitlike aspect of his mouth did not impress Sam unfavorably.

There were no spectators when Sam and Eben met in their tournament match. Within a short time Sam realized that he was not to receive from his opponent the courtesy which he was accustomed to expect. Usually a player who is unable to get out of his opponent's way and let

him have a free swing at the ball does not wait for a protest, but says, 'I'm sorry; let's play it over.' Not only did Eben fail to volunteer any such offer, but the occasions when he should properly have made it were suspiciously frequent. One who played as well as he did should not have been habitually so slow in getting out of the way. And what irritated Sam even more than Eben's obstructive tactics was his repeated insistence on concessions. Never before had an opponent of Sam's found it necessary to demand that on account of interference a point be played over. Sam was always quick to make acknowledgment when he had been at fault. But Eben would exclaim, 'In my way!' before Sam had time to say, 'I'm sorry!' and often he would make that claim on points which Sam had fairly earned.

For a time Sam yielded without dispute to Eben's protests, but the feeling that he was being tricked out of hard-won points rankled, and after he had lost the first game by a close score he ceased to be accommodating.

'Interference, nothing!' he exclaimed hotly when Eben next demanded that a point which he had lost be played over. 'I know when I interfere and when I don't.'

'I certainly know when you're in my way,' retorted Eben. 'If you hadn't been, I'd have got that ball.'

'I've played too many points over when you had no reason to protest. I'm not going to play this one over.'

'All right,' said Eben calmly. 'The match is yours by default.' He moved toward the door. 'Any fellow who wants to win so much that he won't play a doubtful point over — I'm willing to let him win.'

Enraged, Sam exclaimed, 'Come on! Play ball! I'll play over your doubtful point, as you call it. I don't want to win by default.'

With a shrug that exasperated Sam still further, Eben took up his position. He won the point and shortly afterward hampered Sam in making a stroke; Sam hit the ball so feebly that it didn't reach the front wall.

'Suppose we play that over,' said Sam. 'You kept me from getting a swing at it.'

'If I was in your way and you wanted to claim it, you shouldn't have played the ball. That's the rule, you know.'

It was the rule, but the fellows with whom Sam had been accustomed to play never invoked it.

'Go ahead; serve!' said Sam, angrier than ever.

Like most good-natured people, Sam could play a game well only while he was enjoying it and not hating his adversary. When his temper

was roused and the normal, healthy desire to win was changed into a vindictive wish to administer a beating, his game lost in accuracy and effectiveness. Eben won the second game and with it the match; Sam's expression of congratulation was most perfunctory.

From the squash court Sam went to Carl Porter's room to vent his indignation. He paced back and forth pouring out the tale of his grievances, while Carl lay back in his leather armchair and listened compassionately.

'I won't say I told you so,' remarked Carl. 'Where you made your mistake was in not calling his bluff when he threatened to default.'

'I didn't want to win that way. Besides, he would probably have gone round telling everybody that I interfered with him all the time and wouldn't play points over — he'd have given me a fine reputation!'

'What if he had? The other fellows that you would have played would have found it wasn't so.'

'I hope that I have a chance to get back at him, sometime, somewhere,' said Sam. 'He told me he was going to play tennis instead of baseball next spring: if he does and I come up against him in the tournament ——'

'You'd better have me for a linesman.' Carl completed the sentence for him.

Spring came, and the squash courts were deserted and the tennis courts were filled on every pleasant afternoon. No player was more regular in his practice than Sam Collins; his skill and accuracy improved so much that many of those who followed tennis picked him as likely to win the spring tournament. It delighted Sam to see that Eben Galloway had not gone out for baseball but was playing tennis.

A few days before the tournament was to begin Carl reported to Sam that he had been studying Galloway's game.

'Just in case you and he should come up against each other. If you do, you'll have a hard time with his serve; he rushes in on it and gets established at the net — and he's good at the net. Keep him back and you may lick him.'

Sam was a bit nettled by Carl's assurance in telling him just what tactics to employ and by his implied doubt that even then he might not be successful. He kept his irritation to himself, however, and when, on the day before that on which the tournament was to open, he met Carl in the Yard, he said with a grin, 'Have you learned anything more about Galloway's game that might be to my advantage?'

'I've learned a lot. But it all depends on whether you and he meet early or late in the

tournament. If you come up against each other right off, I can't do anything for you.'

'Why not?'

'Because I've got to have some photographs made first.'

'I don't get it.'

'You don't need to. Just leave it to me.'

'I think you're coo-coo,' said Sam.

'Who of your friends is the best at taking snapshots?' said Carl.

'Ken Stanley; he's a wizard with the camera.'

'I'll have a talk with him and see if he won't make himself useful.'

When the drawings for the tournament were posted, Sam found that he and Eben were in opposite halves. If they met at all, it could only be in the finals; Sam hoped that they would both make their way through; he didn't want any one but himself to beat Eben.

On his way to play his first match, he saw a group of spectators standing beside the court on which Eben and his opponent had already begun to play. Among them were Carl Porter and Ken Stanley; Ken had his camera slung over his shoulder and was calling to Eben as Sam drew near: 'May I snap a few pictures of you in action, Galloway?'

'Sure; go ahead and shoot,' said Eben, paus-

ing from the serve that he had been about to deliver and looking pleased.

So Eben served, with Stanley training his camera on him — served and rushed to the net and killed the weak lob that his adversary raised. And then he walked back and took his place to serve again; Stanley again aimed the camera at him and snapped the shutter just as he swung his racquet and made another dash to the net. Sam wondered why Carl Porter had thought it worth while to arrange with Ken Stanley to take these pictures. He passed on to the court where he was scheduled to play; the photographer continued to bestow his flattering attention on Eben, whose vanity was obviously gratified by it.

Sam won his match and learned afterwards from Carl that Eben had likewise been successful.

Four days later the semifinals of the tournament were played, Eben Galloway against John Whitfield, and Sam Collins against Andrew Lawson. Eben won in two straight sets; Sam lost the second set of his match and won the third, 7–5.

'I've got those pictures from Ken,' said Carl to Sam, afterwards. He drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Sam. There were a dozen photographs, all different from one another, yet all of them snapped at just the

moment when Eben in serving was about to strike the ball with his racquet. In every case the photographer had timed his shot so skillfully as to show the ball directly against the face of the racquet. And in every case the server was leaning forward well into the court and with his right foot raised from the ground and inside the baseline; the pictures were of one who had begun to run just as he served.

'H'm!' said Sam. 'Foot-faults, doesn't he?'

'He certainly does. He gets his position at the net after serving by foot-faulting. The rule providing that the server must have both feet behind the baseline at the moment of striking the ball was framed in order to prevent premature dashing in and getting well set at the net. And Eben on every serve violates the rule.'

'Well, it's very interesting.' Sam handed back the photographs. 'But it makes no difference; no linesman is ever going to call foot-faults, unless he happens to see the server stepping squarely on the line.'

'Isn't he! Do you think I've doped all this out and got it confirmed by photographs, and that now I'm going to do nothing about it? Bob Monroe's chairman of the tournament committee, isn't he?'

'Yes.'

'I'm going to ask him to give me the privilege

of calling foot-faults on you and Eb to-morrow.'

The final match in the tennis tournament drew a large crowd of spectators. Out of the gathering of friends of the two players four volunteered to act as linesmen in response to the appeal of Bob Monroe, the chairman of the tournament committee, to whom fell the task of refereeing the match. He also appointed Carl Porter to call foot-faults.

The match began with Sam serving. Outside the court and to his left stood Eben's friend Ralph Chambers, whose duty it was to decide whether shots close to that baseline were in or out; to Sam's right, outside the court and directly facing Chambers, stood Carl Porter.

Sam won the first two points, Eben the third. With the score thirty-fifteen Sam served a swift ball that Eben failed to return. 'Fault!' cried Carl.

Sam looked up in surprise. 'You stepped on the line,' Carl explained.

'All right,' said Sam, and he served a second ball which Eben drove down the sideline, making the score thirty-all. But Sam took the next two points and the game, and as he and Eben changed courts in accordance with their agreement to change on the odd games throughout

the match he thought, 'Now that I have a lead I'm going to hold it.'

Eben served and rushed to the net. Midway in his career he heard Carl's shout, 'Fault!' But he kept on and volleyed the return smartly, placing the ball out of Sam's reach.

'It was called a fault,' said Monroe, from his post by the net.

'Yes, fault,' said Carl.

'In what way?' asked Eben. 'I didn't step on the line.'

'No, but you brought your right foot up over it before you hit the ball.'

Eben looked annoyed. 'You'd better watch more closely next time,' he said sharply.

He served a second ball, a slow one, and did not run in. Sam scored on a cross-court drive.

Eben planted himself for the next serve, tossed up the ball, swung his racquet, and rushed forward.

'Fault!' sang out Carl.

Eben turned abruptly and addressed his friend Ralph Chambers.

'You were on the line. Did you see any foot-fault?'

'I know you didn't step on the line,' said Ralph. 'Otherwise I wasn't noticing.'

'You notice after this.' Eben was obviously wrought up. His second serve, as before, was

weak, and he did not run in on it; Sam's well-placed return made the score love-thirty.

Eben settled himself in position, glanced defiantly at Carl, and served in his customary manner. It was a well-directed serve; Sam could not return it, but while Eben was rushing to the net, Carl's voice was heard: 'Fault!'

'Mr. Referee,' said Eben, addressing Monroe, 'I should feel better satisfied if you got some one else to decide foot-faults.'

Monroe called across the court to Chambers: 'Did you see that one, Ralph?'

'I was watching, but it was awfully hard to tell,' was Ralph's non-committal, apologetic answer.

'If Ralph couldn't tell, with perfectly good eyesight,' said Eben, 'I don't know why a fellow who has to wear glasses should be so sure.'

'My eyesight is good enough for some purposes,' said Carl mildly.

Monroe walked away from the net and took up a position beside Carl. 'Go ahead; play ball,' he said. 'Love-thirty, one fault.'

Somewhat sulkily, Eben served the second ball. In the rally that ensued, he at last secured a commanding position at the net and won the point.

'Fifteen-thirty,' announced Monroe.

With some confidence that with the referee

watching his footwork there would be no cry of 'fault,' Eben served and ran in. But Carl raised his usual shout just the same. Eben, with his hands on his hips, faced Monroe.

'How about it?' he asked.

'I think you were over the line,' said the referee. 'I will admit it's hard to be sure.'

'Then I suggest you put some one else on the job who won't always be so cock-sure.'

Monroe did not relish Eben's manner of addressing him, nor did he wish to make it easy for him to violate the rules, however unconscious of the violation he might be. So he replied, 'Just try to be a little more careful in serving, so that there can be no question of foot-faulting.'

Eben shrugged his shoulders and resumed play. During the remainder of the game he did not again run in on his serve. The score went to deuce and vantage many times, with long, hard-fought rallies; finally Sam took the game. But the next game, with Sam serving, Eben won. He had decided that, as Carl Porter, after being protested, had not the decency to withdraw as foot-fault umpire, he would beat Collins without running in on his serve. He didn't have to play just one kind of game in order to win. So with the score two-one against him he took no chance of foot-faulting, played steadily from the back of the court, and succeeded at last in bring-

ing the games to two-all. Sam on his service took the lead again at three-two. On the next game Sam made clean drives down the lines for the first two points, and Eben felt compelled again to try running in on his serve. Again he was halted by Carl's cry, 'Fault!' Sam took the game at love, won the next game after a long deuce and vantage struggle and, with the score 5–2 in his favor, stood awaiting Eben's serve. It came, and Eben came with it, rushing furiously to the net.

'Fault!' called Carl.

'You can have it.' Eben addressed Sam quietly. 'I give up. The match is yours.'

He walked from the court and began to put his racquet into its case.

'Oh, don't let it go by default!' urged Monroe. 'Be a sport!'

'Be a sport!' Eben glared at him. 'Be one yourself. You're referee. All I ask is a square deal. You won't give it to me.'

'Do you accuse Porter of giving wrong decisions against you deliberately?'

'I accuse him of giving wrong decisions against me consistently. Let some one else take over the job of calling foot-faults and I'll play.'

'I'm not crazy about the job,' said Carl. 'Anybody that wants it can have it.'

'All right.' Monroe glanced round the group

of interested spectators. 'Walker, you take it, will you?'

'Sure,' said Walker, a chunky, keen-eyed fellow, who was a friend of Monroe's and had only a slight acquaintance with each of the two players. 'I'm willing.'

'In justice to myself and also as possibly of some help to my successor in this thankless job,' said Carl, 'I have an exhibit here that I should like to call to your attention. You might look at it too, Eben.'

He drew an envelope from his pocket and extracted from it a small packet of kodak pictures.

'These were taken of you, Eben, while you were playing your first match in the tournament. They show you in the act of serving.'

He passed the photographs to Monroe, who became at once the center of an interested group, with Eben and Walker peering over his shoulders.

'They show that you foot-fault every time,' said Monroe crisply. 'I suppose you've been doing this in every match you've played, Galloway.'

'The fellow that took those pictures probably took others of me when I didn't foot-fault,' said Eben angrily. 'Only they're not here.'

'Those are absolutely all the pictures that Ken Stanley took,' declared Carl.

'Just the same, I know I haven't been foot-faulting — with you bawling me out. That naturally made me more careful.'

'Not so that I noticed it. But I'm through. It's up to Walker now.'

'Get out on the court and play!' commanded Monroe. 'The score is 2–5, Galloway serving. And one fault has been called on you, Galloway.'

With a black look on his face Eben took his position to serve. He glanced at Walker and caught the watchful, ironical expression on his face. He served and did not run to the net. Not once on his service during that long and stubbornly contested game did he run to the net, and finally he won the game; the score was 5–3. But the next game Sam won and with it the first set.

During the second set Eben pitted careful, steady play against Sam's more decisive, brilliant strokes. It seemed a losing effort; with the score again 5–3 in Sam's favor, Eben had the serve and desperately resorted to a trial of his earlier tactics. He served and rushed to the net. Sharper and louder than any of Carl's pronouncements came Walker's cry, 'Fault!' And baleful and baffled was Eben's glance at Walker as he returned slowly to his place. Not once again in the match did he attempt to run in on

'THEY SHOW THAT YOU FOOT-FAULT EVERY TIME,' SAID MONROE

his serve; deprived of the advantage which his illegal methods had secured, his game lacked force. In three sets Sam won the match and the college championship.

Eben shook hands with him unsmilingly. Then he walked over to Carl Porter.

'You must feel proud of yourself for snooping round — you and your friend with the kodak!'

'I hope we don't feel too proud.' Carl's voice was bland, his smile was impudent. 'It's a very modest contribution that we've made to sport.'

Happy though Sam was at winning the tennis tournament, he was not altogether comfortable in mind. The vindictiveness that he had felt toward Eben since the squash racquets match had been almost too thoroughly satisfied.

That evening he called at Eben's room. He received an austere greeting.

'If I'd foreseen how things were going to turn out, I'd have told you beforehand what those pictures showed,' he said.

'It was certainly poor sportsmanship not to,' said Eben.

Sam reddened. 'We'll let it go at that,' he said and abruptly left Eben's room.

Carl Porter grinned and blinked in delight at Sam's indignant account of the episode.

'And you went to him and gave him the

chance to say that to you! You may be a champion tennis player, Sam, but when you get out into the world and begin to run afoul of the Ebens that are loose in it, you'll need a nurse.'

WESTCOTT'S STRATEGY

STANDING in front of the fireplace, Jack Brill bent a severe gaze upon his younger brother, who had just entered the room and whose sullenness of manner was a confession of guilt.

'It's no use, Kid; you'll never amount to anything in any sport — or in any job, for that matter — until you can control your nasty temper.'

'You'll be lucky if I control it while you stand there and lecture me,' retorted the younger Brill bitterly.

With an angry glance, he flung himself into a chair. Then, opening a book, he began to read with ostentatious concentration.

The elder brother frowned and stroked his chin in perplexity. He decided that the situation required him to sacrifice something of his superiority of manner. So he came over and seated himself on the arm of the chair and leaned gently against Stephen's shoulder.

'I didn't mean to get you haired up again, Steve. But how come you gave Westcott such a punch in the ribs, anyway? I saw it — and of course the referee saw it.'

'I guess if you'd seen a good many other things you'd have known how come. He'd been

roughing me all through the game — to say nothing of the irritating line of talk he kept getting off before every play. Usually when I tried to break through he would hold me, but the referee never saw that. I've never played against a fellow who used his hands so unfairly.'

'Of course,' said Jack Brill judicially, 'in these class games lots of fellows try to see how much they can get away with. And they do their best to get an opponent's goat. Westcott was out to get yours — and he succeeded.'

'Yes, and I suppose you seniors all feel proud of your team for licking the sophomores by such methods.'

Jack Brill rose and moved away. 'I didn't feel especially proud of you when I saw you ruled off the field for slugging.'

'I'm just in a mood to do a little more slugging if I have provocation enough.'

'Calm yourself, Kid, calm yourself. I think it's too bad you slugged Westcott, for it will probably prejudice him against you.'

Stephen Brill asked angrily why he should care and warned his brother not to continue to make annoying remarks.

'It shouldn't annoy you that I have your welfare at heart,' said Jack. An ominous glitter in Stephen's eyes caused him to proceed in a more conciliatory manner. 'You don't want to forget,

Steve, that I should like to see you make the varsity hockey team. You have the speed and the quickness and the cleverness, and I've talked you up quite a lot to Westcott. Now you'll have to convince him of more than your hockey ability; you'll have to show him that you really *can* control your temper. Don't you see how unfortunate it was that you should have had this scrap with the fellow who's captain of the hockey team?'

'I don't care what he's captain of. I think he's a poor sport — and it's the worse for the hockey team that he's captain of it.'

'Well, he is, and you'll have to adapt yourself to the situation as it exists. Now I know Westcott pretty well, and he's not the poor sport you think he is. He was putting you through a course of sprouts in the game to-day, and finally you got mad. I don't know that I blame you, but it's exactly what Westcott intended you should do. When you've got the other fellow mad, you've got the game half won.'

'You call that sportsmanship?' Stephen asked scornfully.

'Oh, well, you must learn to have some sense of perspective,' Jack replied irritably. 'These class games — they've always been more or less contests to see which side could get the better of the other. In the old days, in the class base-

ball games, they would fire off toy cannons right behind the first baseman just as he was about to catch a ball; they'd do anything to rattle the other side. That's the kind of tradition there is, don't you see?'

'No, I don't see; and I didn't see any other fellows on either eleven doing the kind of thing that Westcott was doing constantly. I know I oughtn't to have slugged; I admit I got what I deserved when I was put out of the game; but Westcott ought to have been penalized a dozen times for my one.'

'All right, let it go at that, Kid; I'm not saying you aren't right. But for goodness' sake don't lay it up against Westcott when you go out for hockey. And make it a point after this to show that you can keep your temper as well as the next fellow. That's always been your trouble, you know.'

'Small wonder with an older brother always nagging.'

The conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door. 'Come in,' called Jack Brill. The door opened, and Westcott entered. He was a tall, rangy fellow, light-haired, with lively blue eyes and mobile lips. Stephen Brill, short and heavy and broad, with straight black hair and straight thin lips, offered a complete contrast in appearance.

'Hello, Brill,' said Westcott, addressing Stephen. 'I thought I'd better stop in and say that as I didn't use you any too well this afternoon I have no hard feelings if you haven't.'

'But I have,' said Stephen stiffly. 'I ought to have been put out of the game, but you ought never to have played in it.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'A fellow has a right to expect that his opponent will play fair. A fellow that doesn't play fair had better not play at all.'

Westcott flushed, gave a short laugh, and turned to Jack Brill, who was looking most uncomfortable.

'I was afraid your brother might have some such feeling; that was why I came round at once.'

'I've tried to explain to him about the class games, and how things are done in them sometimes —' Jack Brill, embarrassed, left the sentence unfinished.

'I guess it's just a case where explanations don't go,' remarked Westcott dryly. 'There was one other thing that I wanted to say. Hockey practice begins in the Arena next Monday, Brill. I hope you'll come out for it.'

'I expect to,' said Stephen.

'I know you were good on the freshman team last year, and this year we've got to find two

fast forwards. If you proved to be good enough, you wouldn't object to playing on the same team with me, I hope?'

Stephen Brill could not think of any reply to make to that remark, nor did he know quite how to meet the odd smile that accompanied it. He wondered afterwards just what that smile had meant — whether it was entirely malicious and satirical, or whether — and this suspicion was even more unpleasant to entertain — it was slightly compassionate. Anyway, he was sure that Westcott thought he had made a fool of himself, and that his brother thought so too he was not permitted to doubt. Jack Brill made his opinions on the subject so clear immediately after Westcott had gone that Stephen resorted to physical violence. Though two years younger, he was much stronger than Jack; now he put him down on the floor and sat on him, holding his wrists in a vise-like grip. 'Now will you drop the subject?' he demanded, and at last Jack promised.

Nevertheless, this use of physical force made both brothers sulky — Jack, because as the weaker he could offer no adequate resistance, and Stephen because he felt that if he had been more intelligent than he was he need not have resorted to such crude methods. He envied Jack his intelligence, and at the same time doggedly

clung to his own judgments, whenever he and his brother differed.

In the hockey practice Westcott showed no resentment and no consciousness of Stephen's resentment. He was a good captain, patient and painstaking; he always talked encouragingly to his players, never scolded them, showed keen appreciation of each one's capabilities and considerateness in trying to help each one to strengthen his play in the respect in which it was weakest. Stephen found his kindly spirit and good-humored rallying talk in surprising contrast with the offensive manner that he had exhibited when as opposing tackles they had confronted each other on the football field.

He began to think that Westcott must be two different personalities. And under the influence of the sympathetic treatment he received from the captain, the appreciation shown for his good work, the patient efforts to educate him in all the finer points of the duty of a forward, Stephen gradually lost the hostile feeling that had once roused him to fury. Then he began to be aware that only in the hockey rink was Westcott's attitude towards him pleasant and friendly. On two or three occasions, leaving the Arena after practice, Stephen had started to walk with the captain; before a word could be exchanged, Westcott had turned his back and had either joined

some other members of the team or gone off alone.

When this action had been repeated, Stephen could not refrain from commenting on it to his brother. 'Not that I care,' he said. 'But it seems odd that a fellow should be so friendly, even genial, in one place and so offish in another.'

'Not at all,' replied Jack. 'He subordinates his personal feelings to his duty as captain of the team. You insulted him when he came here to do the decent thing, and of course he hasn't forgotten it.'

Stephen was not going to let his brother know that this explanation, which confirmed his own fears, was really quite distasteful; he had hoped to be assured that Westcott's actions had no such significance.

'I dare say that what he needed was just what he heard from me,' he declared. 'It probably made him reform his ways and cultivate a better spirit.'

'Oh, blah!' replied the unsympathetic brother.

Stephen wondered if by some expression of regret for his rudeness he could establish really friendly relations with Westcott; he wanted now to establish them. But when he thought over the interview that had caused the trouble he felt he had said nothing that he could honestly retract.

On the Harvard team there was no player of

great brilliancy. The members all realized that their best chance of winning the series with Yale lay in acquiring perfect coördination with one another; they practiced long hours in passing the puck, in covering for defense, in working out possible scoring plays. Side by side up and down the rink skated Westcott and Stephen, first one handling the puck and then the other, Westcott calling from time to time, 'Pass!' or 'Shoot!' At the word 'Shoot!' Ned Cobb, the goal guard, would crouch alert; the next instant to try with hand or hockey stick or padded leg to block the puck that whizzed straight for the net. Then similar maneuvers would be undertaken on the other side of the rink, now with Westcott and Judson, the right wing, alternating in stick work; and next the three forwards at wide-spaced intervals would come sweeping down towards the goal, passing the puck from one to another as they came. Bradley, the coach, skated behind them, blew his whistle from time to time to stop the play and gather the players for a conference.

At the last practice before the first of the three games with Yale, he said, 'I was worried about this team because I couldn't see any star player on it. Now I have confidence in it because there isn't any star. There isn't one of you fellows who's going to try to shine all by

himself and score goals single-handed and that sort of thing. Yale has a fellow of that kind, and they're pinning their faith on him. If you can handle Woodward to-morrow night, you can handle the whole Yale team.'

But in the game the next evening the Harvard team proved unable to 'handle' Woodward. That Yale player, a tall, powerful fellow, with the speed of a deer and the endurance of an Alaskan husky, roved up and down the rink, carried the puck with uncanny skill, plucked it away in scrimmages, snatched it now from this Harvard forward, now from that one, and, outskating and outplaying every one else on the ice, contributed three to Yale's total of four goals — Harvard failing to score.

It was a dejected Harvard team that left the rink in New York where the game had been played and boarded the midnight train for Boston. Stephen was the most depressed of all the players, for he had nominally been Woodward's special opponent, though the Yale player had roamed freely from one side of the rink to the other.

'Without Woodward they wouldn't have been anything,' Stephen said to Judson.

'Yes, but they never were without him,' Judson replied. 'Did you notice, they never took him out once to rest up?'

'He must have the lungs of an ox,' said Stephen. 'I have pretty good endurance myself, but I could never go through a period of a strenuous game like that to-night without a two-minute lay-off to get my wind.'

'Same here. Let's hope they work the cuss to death before the next game.'

'More likely that I'll work you fellows to death before then.' Bradley, the coach, who had overheard the conversation, spoke grimly. 'We've got to master some method of play that will take care of that fellow.'

The new method that Bradley worked out required Stephen and Westcott and Cobb to devote themselves mainly to stopping Woodward. Those three players put in an extra half-hour of practice daily, with the result that the coach at last expressed himself as satisfied with the effectiveness of their defense. 'You'll hamper Woodward a whole lot, if you don't absolutely spoil his play,' Bradley said. 'And I've found out one thing about him since the first game; he has one weakness. He's liable to get mad. You three fellows always nagging him may in time make him mad. And I don't care how great a player a man is; once he gets mad, his play suffers.'

Stephen flushed, even though Westcott considerately refrained from glancing at him. He

wondered if Bradley had not let fall that comment for his special benefit. Two or three times in hard practice games he had been cautioned by the coach not to show temper, and he suspected that Westcott had warned Bradley to keep an eye on him.

In the second game, which was played in the Boston Arena, before a crowd of spectators who filled all the seats and stood in rows along the walls, the harrying tactics that Bradley had devised and that Westcott and his two aids executed were at least partially successful. In the first period Woodward never got quite clear of his three warders; twice he was able to shoot for the goal, but each time the interference of one or the other of the trio hurried his shot and spoiled his aim. Twice also in that period the Harvard goal was threatened by one of the other Yale forwards, but Cobb's excellent defensive work prevented a score. On the other hand, two minutes before the end of the period, Judson got the puck on a rebound directly in front of the Yale goal and slipped it past the goal guard into the net. The building echoed with the shouts of the Harvard sympathizers, and when the gong rang for the first intermission nearly all the spectators rose in jubilation and the brass band struck up the Harvard March of Victory.

In the dressing-room Bradley, his eyes shin-

ing, congratulated the team, told them all they had to do was to keep up the same tactics for the two remaining periods, complimented Judson on his alertness in seizing his opportunity and Cobb on his steadiness in defending his goal, and then sat down in a corner for a talk with Westcott. Stephen Brill lay stretched out on a bench; the period that he had just played through had been the most exhausting in his experience; whether the air in the Arena was less fresh than usual owing to the great crowd of spectators, or the excitement and intensity of the effort required in following Woodward's every move had fatigued him, he didn't know. But he noticed that Cobb, who had shared the assignment with him, seemed equally tired.

And in the latter part of the second period the strain of the effort began to show in their lagging pace and gasping breath. Westcott, too, though not in such distress, was losing something of his effectiveness. Whereas, earlier in the period, Woodward had displayed encouraging signs of temper over the annoying attention that he was receiving, he now had a gay, confident light in his eyes. He broke away with the puck and unmolested carried it down the rink only to have Cobb turn it brilliantly aside at the entrance to the goal. Westcott signalled then for relief; he and Stephen and Cobb yielded to

three substitute players. Although these three had been coached to hang upon Woodward and break up his play, they were not equal to the task; a few moments later Woodward got free with the puck for another rush and this time slammed it past Cobb into the net. The second period ended with the score tied, at 1 to 1.

Gloom was on the faces of the weary Harvard players while they rested. Even Bradley's cheerful countenance wore a look of discouragement. 'Doesn't that man Woodward ever get tired?' Westcott asked. 'Never, I guess,' Bradley answered. 'And what's worse, he never seems now to get mad. If only he'd get mad and do something so that he'd be sent out of the game for a couple of minutes — why, in a couple of minutes with him out you fellows could romp through that Yale team.'

Westcott looked at Stephen Brill with his odd, inscrutable smile. 'Think you could get him mad enough for that, Brill?'

Stephen, tired and irritated, replied sharply, 'More in your line.' The instant he had spoken he wanted to recall the words. The disapproving look on the coach's face, Westcott's shrug, and the sour expression of the other players all told him that in a moment of need he had contributed nothing to the spirit of team play.

'You've simply got to fight and give every

ounce that's in you,' said the coach. 'So now don't talk any more; get all the rest you can.'

At the end of the interval of silent thought a determined Harvard team went out on the ice. With the first clash of hockey sticks their spirit of desperation became apparent, and in none of them was it more conspicuous than in the captain. Westcott, skating at furious speed, swept into a scrimmage in front of the Harvard goal, upset Woodward, and went down himself. Judson seized the puck and made off with it towards the Yale goal, Cobb and Stephen aligning themselves with him to receive a pass. But he passed at the wrong moment; a Yale player intercepted the puck, and again the play was in Harvard territory. It swirled over against the barrier to the left of the Harvard goal, with Woodward now maneuvering the puck; he twitched it beyond Cobb's reach and was turning to bring it out in front of the goal when Westcott crashed into him and jammed him hard against the boards. For a moment Westcott with shoulder and elbow held him pinned there; then with violent lunge of elbow and hockey stick Woodward angrily flung off his assailant. The referee sounded his whistle and, skating up to the two, waved them both to the gate. Woodward made indignant protest and

was sternly ordered off the ice; Westcott, with his head held high and his eyes shining, passed near enough to Stephen and Cobb to say to them, 'Go to it now!'

The next moment the gate had closed on him and Woodward, the referee blew his whistle, and the game went on, with five players instead of six on each side. At once Yale was on the defensive; with Woodward out of the game it became more than ever clear that he had been Yale's only effective player on the offense. Twice Judson and Cobb brought the puck down to the Yale goal, and twice the goal tender warded it off. The second time Stephen recovered it outside the scrimmage and from an angle shot it into the corner of the net, giving Harvard the lead by a score of 2 to 1. Amidst the shouting and cheering of the spectators, the puck was put in play in the center of the rink. Yale carried it up the ice; then Stephen deftly flicked it out from under the stick of the Yale forward, made a brilliant run the length of the rink and, timing the shot perfectly, sent the puck once more into the Yale goal.

A few moments later both Westcott and Woodward reëntered the game, Westcott radiant and elated, Woodward glowering and furious. But now Woodward's fury spent itself in vain. With the lead that Harvard had estab-

lished, the Harvard team was able to adopt purely defensive tactics; whenever Woodward or any other Yale player brought the puck within shooting distance, there were always four Harvard men defending the goal. Playing the defensive game, Stephen and Cobb and Westcott were no longer under the physical strain that had been so intense during the second period; they could harry Woodward and stop his rushes without getting worn out in the process. So there was no more scoring on either side; when the gong rang, a Harvard victory was registered by a score of 3 to 1.

In the dressing-room an elated coach welcomed the victorious team. 'Great, the way you seized every opportunity. Good headwork, good team play all through!' Bradley spoke to Judson and to Stephen, complimenting them on their good work in shooting goals. Then he turned to the captain and said with a smile, 'Hard luck you had to be out of the game for a few moments, Westcott. But it was really fortunate you mixed it up with Woodward as you did.'

'It turned out so, didn't it?' Westcott laughed, and the other members of the team, except Stephen, echoed his laughter.

Stephen drove back to Cambridge with Judson.

'Juddy,' he said after being silent during most of the ride, 'I honestly haven't much satisfaction over that game. Have you?'

'Well,' Judson replied slowly, 'of course it isn't quite the same as if we'd shot those goals while Woodward was playing.'

'No. And why wasn't he playing?'

'I did nothing to him. You can't prove anything by me,' said Judson.

Stephen allowed his feeling about the game to become known to no one else than Judson, not even to his brother. But it reassured him to know that as sane a fellow and as keen a hockey player as Dick Judson was sympathetic with his point of view; it couldn't be therefore that he was different from other fellows, priggish and superior.

The following evening while he and Jack were reading in their room, it surprised Stephen to receive another visit from Westcott. For that it was Stephen and not Jack to whom Westcott was addressing his call became apparent from the visitor's first words. 'Brill, you never said anything to me after the game last night. What was the reason?'

'There didn't seem to be any occasion for me to say anything.'

'You didn't think much of our winning it — although you helped to win it?'

Jack Brill looked at Westcott and his brother in bewilderment.

'No. But why should you care what I think — as long as I helped to win?'

'My father saw the game. He asked me why I had been ruled off. I told him.'

'Just that you'd held Woodward and then sort of mixed it up with him?'

'No. I wasn't too sure in my own mind about my bit of strategy; I wanted to see how it would strike my father. So I told him I'd deliberately tried to get Woodward so mad that he'd do something wild and be disqualified, and that the trick had worked. So long as I got Woodward off the ice it wasn't important that I had to go too.'

He paused, twisted his mouth ruefully for a moment, and then proceeded.

'The old man gave me the finest lecture on sport I ever heard. He talked about international sport as a possible agency for promoting friendship and a better understanding between nations, and then he went on to say that just one member of an international team who had a poor spirit and who resorted to trickery in a contest could ruin what ought to have been an embassy of peace and good will. He told me instances of that — in yachting and rowing and polo — things I'd never heard of, but that in years past had made the people of England and this coun-

try froth at the mouth whenever they thought of each other. Sometimes it was an Englishman, sometimes it was an American, that did the thing that made trouble. And sometimes, he said, it's been a Yale man, and sometimes it's been a Harvard man, that's done the same kind of thing and made bad feeling between the colleges. And then he said he'd hoped it would never be his son who would do that.'

'Now, that was rubbing it in too much!' Stephen exclaimed. 'I'm sure that Yale team didn't take home any bad feeling.'

'I guess it's to their credit if they didn't. I wasn't willing to take correction from you, Brill, but my father made me see you were right.' He grasped Stephen's hand. 'And now we've got to win the third game with Yale, with Woodward in the game all through.'

'Kid,' said Jack Brill anxiously, after Westcott had gone, 'I don't know why it's necessary for a senior to humble himself before a sophomore in this way, but I do certainly hope it won't blow you all up with vanity and pride.'

For once Stephen ignored a kind of brotherly conversation that usually provoked him to retort with asperity.

'I wish,' he said — and his mind was obviously not concerning itself with his brother — 'I wish I *could* help him to win that next game.'

But he couldn't. Woodward played all through the game, no one on either side was disqualified for a foul, and Yale with an improved offense won by a score of 3 to 0.

THE THROW TO FIRST

WHEN Tom Dillaway was elected captain of the Harvard nine, Frank Stevens, the other candidate for the honor, though he took his defeat cheerfully, felt chagrined. He had been beaten by two votes, and as he walked up Boylston Street from Soldier's Field after the meeting he found it impossible to conceal his sense of betrayal from Dan Harris and Jack Warren, who were more intimate with him than with Dillaway, but who had voted for Dillaway. Usually when he was in their company he was lively and talkative; now his silence and his lagging steps and drooping shoulders caused them to realize how keen was his disappointment. With some awkwardness the two undertook to explain their vote.

'I suppose you feel that Dan and I more or less went back on you,' Jack Warren said.

'Oh, no, but I thought I'd get your support just the same,' Frank replied somewhat stiffly.

'You would have, if it was a matter of voting for the fellow we liked best.'

'Or for the fellow we thought was the best ball-player,' added Dan.

'It's all right. But I'd honestly like to know

why both of you thought Tom would be a better captain.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'he's not such a star fielder as you, but I think — maybe for that reason — he'd be more interested in the fielding of the rest of us. He seems more likely than anybody else to develop some real team play.'

'Yes, and he's keen on strategy; he and Coach Murray are always jawing together about games that were won by headwork or lost because nobody showed it.'

'I don't think many games are won by headwork. The team that bats and fields and runs bases the best will always win.'

'Sometimes, though, when two teams are evenly matched there's a chance for generalship. And that's where I'd back Tom Dillaway against any Yale man.'

'Most likely he'll never have an opportunity to show any deep stuff. If we win from Yale it will be because we're better ball-players, not because we're smarter thinkers.'

'Just the same, it doesn't hurt a ball-player to have brains,' remarked Dan.

Frank did not forget the taunt; and as often as he thought of it he resented it. He had no grudge against Tom Dillaway, who he hoped would be a victorious captain; he intended to do his full share toward bringing him victory, yet

he knew that he should not be sorry if Harvard won in spite of serious errors of judgment on the part of the captain.

That Frank was himself the most effective player on the team was the common opinion. He had attained a place on the university nine in his sophomore year; now that he was a senior he played his position — third base — with a finish and a brilliancy that made him a favorite of the newspaper writers on college baseball. Stories of opportunities offered to him to play ball professionally at the end of his college course were printed; although Frank was not displeased that his ability was advertised in this way, he felt annoyed when it was reported that he seriously considered accepting one of these proposals. He had rather more than the ordinary amateur's scorn of professionalism; his attitude in that respect was not diminished when he observed that Tom Dillaway followed closely the accounts of the professional games, discussed with Coach Murray the individuality of eminent big-leaguers and tried to impress on his nine some of the finer points of professional baseball. Impatient of drill in maneuvers and strategy, Frank often stated his belief that such non-essentials were a hindrance more than a help to a college team. It was much better, he declared, to devote all the available time to im-

proving each man's batting and fielding. Murray held different views; and, though Frank, as the outstanding player on the nine, might have met with no opposition in his candidacy for captain if he had been content to fall in with the coach's ideas, his consistent attitude of criticism had cost him the election.

Harvard had a good nine, but no pitcher to compare in speed and effectiveness with Sheldon of Yale. Six feet two in height and of massive bulk, he was an awesome figure for any batter to confront, and when he drew back his right arm preparatory to hurling the ball it was not merely the most timid batter that felt tempted to shrink from the plate. He shut out team after team without a run; and it became apparent to Dillaway and his nine that if Sheldon should be able to pitch in two out of the three games they would have hardly more than a forlorn hope of winning the series.

'I don't believe he's much better than most of the pitchers that we knock out of the box,' Frank Stevens said one day after hearing Jim Hale, the first baseman, and Ned Blake, the left-fielder, repeating stories that they had heard or read about Sheldon. 'A fellow that has learned to keep his eye on the ball and time his swing can hit one pitcher about as well as another.'

They asked how then he accounted for the acknowledged superiority of certain pitchers in the big leagues.

'They have a reputation, and batters go up against them with less than their usual confidence.'

'But how do they get the reputation in the first place?'

Frank's endeavor to explain that on the ground of luck and personality met with derision. Blake, who was not one of the best batters on the team, predicted that he would get as many hits off Sheldon as Frank would, and Frank expressed the good-natured hope that he might.

But as the time for the Yale series approached, Frank became more concerned about maintaining his fielding average than about improving his batting. He had gone through every game without making an error; to complete the season with a fielding average of one hundred per cent would be to establish a record that no infielder on a Harvard nine had ever equaled and that probably no college player anywhere had attained. The other members of the nine became interested in the possibility of Frank's achieving this extraordinary feat; they encouraged him and were proud of the celebrity that he was winning; after each game that the Harvard nine

played, the sport writers on the Boston newspapers called attention to the fact that Stevens at third base had kept his perfect fielding record untarnished. The presence of such a brilliant and steady infielder seemed really to strengthen the team play of the nine. And after the game with Brown in which Frank had played his position in an especially notable manner Tom Dillaway said to him: 'I don't know another fellow, Frank, who if he was trying for a perfect record would go after the hard balls as hard as you do. That's why we're all of us so keen to have you make a perfect record.'

'Of course I'd rather take a chance on making an error than let a ball go by me for a hit.'

'If fielding will beat Yale, we'll beat them. But I'd feel a lot easier if they didn't have Sheldon.'

Frank enlarged at once on his favorite theory, but Tom, who had heard it before and took no stock in it, cut him short.

'I've asked all the fellows in our class who went to school with Sheldon if he has any particular weakness — gets nervous easily or anything of that kind; and they couldn't any of them give me any help. That is, I've asked all the Andover men except Carl Porter, and I'm going to see him this afternoon. Not likely he'll have anything to contribute, though.'

'No, he's never done anything in athletics but look on. You're just wasting your time.'

'I don't want to miss any chances,' said Tom. So he left Frank at the steps of his dormitory and continued on to the building in which Carl Porter lived. His acquaintance with Porter was slight, and when he found himself seated opposite that gaunt, ungainly, bespectacled classmate, who surveyed him with such interest and curiosity, he felt that Frank had spoken truly in remarking that the interview would be a waste of time.

'Porter,' he said, 'I want to get all the dope I can about Sheldon. I've been to all of your Andover crowd, but I haven't got much from them. Do you know anything about him that would be useful?'

The bespectacled eyes gleamed eagerly, and Porter spoke with enthusiasm.

'I've always been a fan on baseball — had to take it out in looking on — eyes no good for playing. At school, I used to hang round and watch Sheldon when he was just practicing his curves. He was a great pitcher even then. Speed, curves, control — he had everything. And of course he's much better now.'

'Yes, of course.' Tom spoke impatiently. 'Then you haven't any suggestion — you don't know of any weakness?'

'He has one trouble, only I don't see how you can make any use of it.'

'What is it?'

'Why,' said the bespectacled Porter, 'Sheldon's legs aren't much good, and he has no wind for running. He used to try to play football and hockey, but he'd be all in in no time. When it comes to pitching he's a regular iron man, but if he has to run at all he gets all played out. He was never good for anything in athletics except pitching.'

'I don't know how we can make him do a hundred-yards dash just before the game,' remarked Tom. 'Much obliged to you just the same, Porter.'

Tom departed, trying to work out in his mind some method of turning to account the information that he had received.

The first Yale-Harvard game of the series was played in New Haven. Edwards pitched for Yale; the Yale coach thought it wise to use his second-best pitcher for the game played on home grounds under favorable conditions, and to reserve Sheldon for the harder game that would follow on the Harvard field the next day. However excellent his reasoning may have been, Yale was defeated by a score of 7 to 3; the team was weak in both batting and fielding, and after

the game the Harvard nine felt that Sheldon alone stood between them and the championship. Frank Stevens had kept his record free from error — thanks to Jim Hale's wonderful reach and catch of a wild throw to first base; Frank had been profuse in his acknowledgments.

'Boy, I'd have cried if I hadn't stopped that throw,' Jim said. 'We've got to see you through on this errorless stuff. But you're more likely to make an error to-morrow than a hit off Sheldon.'

'All Yale pitchers look alike to me,' declared Frank, who had got two singles off Edwards.

Unfortunately, the next afternoon on the home field before an anxiously sympathetic crowd of spectators, among whom were his parents, Frank found it impossible to make good his boast. Sheldon's speed was terrifying, and his curves were bewildering. Frank struck out his first two times at bat and sent up a foul fly to the catcher on his third attempt. The other members of the Harvard nine fared little better. Only one hit, a short single by Jim Hale to right field, had been made by Harvard in eight innings, and not a Harvard runner had crossed the plate. Yale's batting, though light, had produced one run, and as the game proceeded, with no indication on Sheldon's part of any weakening, it seemed as if that one run would be all that Yale would need. In the field Harvard had

played well, and at third base Frank Stevens had maintained his errorless record.

With two Harvard men out in the last half of the eighth inning and Blake at bat, Tom Dillaway spoke as follows to the other members of the nine:

'Sheldon bats third next inning. We've got to get the first two men out. Then when Sheldon comes up I want you fellows all to play so that he will race right round the bases for a run, without stopping. Get that?'

'What's the idea?' Jim Hale asked.

'Our only chance is to get him so tired that the next inning his pitching will go to pieces. They tell me he hasn't much wind and his legs are no good. So, whether he strikes out or hits a pop fly or a grounder, whoever gets the ball has got to make such a mess of it that he'll keep on going — keep on till he gets all the way home. We'll be more likely to beat a two-run lead with Sheldon done for than a one-run lead with him still going strong.'

Frank and some of the others looked skeptical but expressed no dissent. With the situation so desperate, even the wildest plan might be worth trying. But Dan Harris had a further idea.

'It would be better still,' he said, 'if we led him on to try for home and put him out just as he got there.'

'That's drawing it pretty fine,' Tom answered. 'But if we can work it out so all the better.'

'The best thing of all would be to prolong the agony,' said Jim Hale.

'How?'

'Run him back and forth between third and home and not tag him till we have to.'

'Good boy!' Tom turned to Frank and to Harry Kellogg, the catcher. 'Get that, you two?'

'Give us the chance and we'll play him like a fish,' said Kellogg.

'All right then. One thing though we must make sure of. Let him have third and make him keep on sprinting. If we can just nail him at the plate, good. If we can get him boxed between third and home, best of all. Whichever one of us he hits to will have to make a mess of it. Ned!' Dillaway addressed Ned Morris, the pitcher. 'He mustn't be allowed to strike out or get his base on balls.'

'I'll let him hit it,' Morris replied.

Blake struck out, and the Harvard nine took the field for Yale's half of the ninth inning. While Dillaway was giving Blake the instructions that he had issued to the other members of the nine, Frank Stevens muttered to Jack Warren that it was a thin chance at best, a crazy idea in fact, and that in all probability the only result of it would be to give Yale an extra run.

'Looks like it to me,' replied Warren.

The first two men to bat for Yale were easily disposed of, one on a high fly to Warren, the other being thrown out by the pitcher at first. Sheldon, big, long-legged and knock-kneed, wearing the sweater that he had pulled on the moment he had come in from pitching, ambled to the plate and whacked it with his bat.

'Now,' thought Frank, 'I hope he doesn't hit to me!' And never before when a batter had approached the plate had a thought like that occurred to Frank.

Morris, the Harvard pitcher, delivered a straight ball, at which Sheldon took a clumsy swing. He sent the ball climbing high in air, a twisting foul, under which Harry Kellogg circled and wavered unsteadily. Kellogg misjudged it at the last, made a plunge for it, got his mitt under it only to let it drop. A groan rose from the Harvard stands. Kellogg, pounding the ball into his mitt, walked out to the pitcher's box. 'Give him one he'll hit square,' he said resentfully, 'and don't make me make a fool of myself again.'

'If he can't hit a plain straight ball, what can I do about it? Most likely he'll strike out, and you'll have to let the third strike get away from you.'

'Give him an easy one, for Pete's sake,' the catcher entreated.

So the next ball that Morris pitched was a slow one, and Sheldon lunged at it with all his power. His bat failed to meet it squarely; an ineffectual little hit, the ball went dribbling slowly toward Frank.

Running in to make the play, Frank was conscious of a rebellious purpose, then of bitter, resentful acceptance of his fate. He got his hands on the ball, fumbled it, picked it up, and then with the big Yale pitcher still fifteen feet from first base threw it with all his might far over Jim Hale's head. The Yale man coaching off first base flung up his arms and yelled, urging the lumbering runner on to second; Sheldon reached it to see the coach off third beckoning to him frenziedly. Harris out in right field was still chasing the ball, which had caromed off the bleachers and was rolling far beyond the foul line. Rounding third, Sheldon was panting and slowing down, but the Yale man coaching there was inexorable and waved him home. Obediently the big fellow galloped on.

Then Harris, who at last had got his hand on the ball, made a perfectly timed and accurate throw to the plate. Harry Kellogg took the ball on the bound, when the runner was halfway between third and home. Sheldon checked him-

self in his lumbering course and, turning, tried to get back to third. The ball whizzed past his ear into Frank's hands. The big pitcher turned again and, looking over his shoulder at Frank, who advanced upon him, making feints to throw, started for the plate. Frank let him run till he was a few yards from home; then he threw the ball to Kellogg, who ran forward, feinting as Frank had done. Sheldon, gasping for breath, his face red and streaming with sweat, made for third once more. Meanwhile the whole Harvard field had gathered along the third-base line, and Harvard spectators, bewildered and exasperated by such dawdling tactics, were shouting 'Tag him! Tag him! Put him out!' Back and forth went the ball twice more, with Sheldon stumbling groggily back and forth in the trap; then the big pitcher gathered all his strength and rushed for the plate. His sudden burst of energy took Frank by surprise; the moment of delay in throwing the ball was fatal. As Kellogg was on the point of catching it, Sheldon crashed into him; the ball fell to the ground, and Sheldon stumbled, scrambled, slid safely to the plate.

Exhausted but triumphant, he rose and tottered to the Yale dugout, while the small section of Yale adherents in the stands cheered their hero's surprising feat.

Meanwhile the Harvard spectators sat in dumbfounded silence. Never before surely during the whole season had the team been guilty of such a series of bungling plays. And the nine felt disgraced; Frank Stevens and Harry Kellogg took their places again sullenly. Tom Dillaway came over from his position at shortstop and said: 'Frank, I'd give anything if that ball had been hit to me instead of to you.' But Frank did not look up or make any response. He had ruined his perfect, his unique, record at the insane behest of his captain; he had humiliated himself before the crowd by an error so flagrant, so inexcusable, as to stun them all. He had been made the victim through whose preposterous act Yale had acquired a wholly unnecessary run. And this was the game that his father and mother had come five hundred miles to see. He could not bear to look toward the section of the grandstand in which they were sitting.

'Get this man, quick!' Dillaway admonished Morris; and on the third ball that Morris pitched the Yale batter flied out to Dillaway, who at once came running in, hurrying his team. But Yale seemed reluctant to take the field — particularly reluctant seemed the pitcher, who peeled off his sweater in a leisurely manner and stalked slowly to his place.

One of the newspaper writers who had taken a

friendly interest in Frank's baseball career, and who had made frequent flattering comments on his play, leaned over the fence behind the dug-out and said to him:

'Tough luck, old boy. If there was any chance of giving Sheldon a hit on that ball, you bet the official scorer would do it.'

Frank shook his head in silence.

'I think, Frank, you'll have a chance this inning to redeem yourself,' Dillaway said. He wasted no time in explaining what he meant; he was first man up, and he picked out his bat and took his position at the plate, where he stamped his feet and faced Sheldon belligerently.

Then to the amazement and wild rejoicing of the spectators Tom Dillaway hit the first ball pitched for a clean single to right field. Jim Hale stopped an instant at the water bucket and stepped up to the plate with an air of confidence befitting one who had already hit safely. Frank Stevens, who was to follow him, picked out his bat and stood watching eagerly and awaiting his turn.

'Sheldon may be weakening,' Murray, the coach, had said to him. 'Don't swing at any but the good ones.'

Jim Hale waited and had two balls called. Sheldon was in obvious trouble.

'Strike one,' called the umpire, and the Yale

infielders chirped encouraging and confident words to the big pitcher.

But the next two balls went wide, and Hale took his base, Dillaway going to second. As Frank walked to the plate with the excited yelling of several thousand suddenly hopeful Harvard men urging him on, he forgot the disappointment and bitterness that had been so keen a few moments before; here after all was a chance for him to do something toward winning this game. The sight of a substitute Yale pitcher beginning to warm up beyond the third base line gave him satisfaction, and he faced Sheldon with a mien as threatening as if he had hit two home runs instead of striking out twice.

With the first ball that came Frank knew that the pitcher had lost his power. The ball curved slowly out beyond the plate; the sharpness of shoot and the terrific speed that had been so baffling were no longer at Sheldon's command. Frank stood, his eye keen and steady, his fingers not too tense on the handle of his bat. The ball that he was waiting for, the good one, came, and Frank stepped out at it, met it fairly with his bat, and sent it on a speeding line between left and center fields. Amidst the shouting of the thousands while the two runs came in, he raced and slid to third base. The score was tied, Sheldon, exhausted and overthrown, was shambling

from the field, and the substitute was walking in to take his place. But no change of pitchers at the last moment could stay the will to victory that had suddenly seized the Harvard nine; by a hot grounder past first base Jack Warren brought Frank home with the winning run, and the Harvard spectators instantly swarmed out over the field.

In the dressing-room the jubilant members of the Harvard nine congratulated the captain and Frank and one another.

'I guess you'll have to admit now there is something to inside stuff, Frank,' said Dan Harris. 'Especially when it's doped out by a bean like Dillaway's.'

'We had the right captain, all right,' conceded Frank with a grin. 'But, all the same, I wish I hadn't had to make that error.'

'One error during a whole season isn't so bad,' said Jim Hale.

Coach Murray added his word of consolation. 'You never showed better team play in your life, Frank, than when you made that error. Boy, that was a wild throw! And the best throw to first you ever made!'

HEAD WORK, LEG WORK, TEAM WORK

WHEN Sam Dillaway, in tennis flannels and sweater, entered his room in Holworthy, he found his roommate, Dick Judson, lying sunk in a Morris chair, his long legs stretched out in front to their fullest extent, his arms hanging limp over the sides, his expression one of weariness and discontent.

'What's the matter?' asked Dillaway.

'You're a lucky cuss,' replied Judson without moving. 'Darned lucky.'

'Now why that?'

'Look at you!' Judson, still motionless, rolled his eyes up at his roommate. 'You're not like your brother Tom; no 'varsity athlete about you! You play tennis to-day; to-morrow, if you like, you play golf, or you take an automobile ride. You go to bed when you like; you stay at parties as late as you like; you eat anything you like. You have all the time in the world for studying if you want to study, for reading if you want to read, for loafing if you want to loaf. It's my idea of what college life should be—and it's as different as possible from mine.'

'You're coo-coo,' said Dillaway. He seated

himself and surveyed Judson with a look of grave concern. 'Do you really think that among all the fellows in Harvard College with no chance of ever making a 'varsity team there's one who doesn't envy a fellow who's won his letter three years running in two major sports?'

'Envy! Bunk! If they do, it's because they don't know how little satisfaction and how much drudgery and servitude being on a 'varsity team means.'

'It's worth it all for the honor.'

That remark irritated Judson so much that he sat up.

'Honor! That may compensate a fellow who's a star athlete, and who's in the habit of winning. But for a fellow who's just an ordinary, mediocre 'varsity athlete, and who has never in his life been on a winning team, the honor is nothing at all.'

'Something else than just being bored by the training is eating you.' Dillaway looked at Judson with keen eyes. 'What's gone wrong to-day?'

Judson slumped back in his chair. 'My time in the half hasn't been any too good of late. I don't know what the trouble is. But instead of me being the one to make the real race against Cody, the coach has picked Lloyd.'

'You mean you're really not to have a chance

to win the race — even if you feel you *can* win it?'

'It practically amounts to that. I've had a sort of feeling that, running my best race, I could beat Cody this year. I pushed him hard for second place a year ago; now that he's Yale's best half-miler, I had hopes of taking first place away from him. But the last two or three days I haven't shown enough speed; I don't know why. So I'm to act as the decoy, while Lloyd runs the race.'

'That's hard luck. Can't you cut loose and run your best race anyway?'

'No. You see, with four or five entries from Yale and the same number from Harvard, tactics plays an important part in a half-mile race. Each fellow has his work planned out beforehand; we have to try to outmaneuver our opponents. The coach's idea is that they will think I am the man they have to beat. So I'm to lead them on and set a swift pace at the start; Cody will feel he must keep in touch with me, and in the last stretch he and I will both of us be all in, and then Lloyd will come up and pass us. And Cody and I will have a fight for second place — or perhaps we'll be too exhausted even to come in second or third.'

'It's like having to make a sacrifice hit when you feel you could wallop the ball for a home

run, isn't it?' said Dillaway. 'Still, you'll get full credit from the few who are on the inside and know the facts.'

'It isn't that I'm crazy for personal glory — at least I don't think it's that. But it's my last chance on a college team to do the best I can — and a fellow hates to be condemned to do a thing that's only second best. To go through all the grind of training, and then learn from the coach that you're to kill yourself at the start of the race instead of having a chance to drop dead at the finish!'

'It's hard luck, old man, but if you kill Cody off at the start, too, you'll have done your share toward winning the event — no matter who is recorded as the winner.'

'Yes, I know, and I ought to take more satisfaction in that thought than I do. I suppose I'm stale or overtrained, to feel so grouchy.'

'Why don't you ask the coach to let you off track work for a day or two — play tennis instead? That might do you good.'

'It might. But I expect he will think I need every afternoon now to practice up for my new assignment.'

And so it proved. The coach denied Judson's request regretfully. 'I know you need a little rest and change of exercise,' he said. 'But I want to drill you and Merritt and Patterson

so that your team play will be perfect; it's team play more than Lloyd that I'm counting on to win us the half-mile.'

In the practice Patterson was assigned to play the part of Cody. Merritt, running on the inside of the track, and Judson, running a pace behind Merritt and outside of him, were to keep Cody pocketed on the last turn before the straightaway stretch for the finish. Then on the straightaway, before Cody could get out of the difficult position in which they were holding him, Lloyd was to speed up from behind, pass them all, and hold a winning pace to the end.

Merritt was fast for the first three quarters of the distance and would be able therefore to perform satisfactorily the duty required of him. He did not have endurance enough to finish strongly; and Patterson had neither endurance nor speed enough to be likely to win third place. Meade, the coach, said to Judson, 'If you can beat Cody for second place, it will be more than I can expect. He's had the advantage of you this last year, for he's been taking part in all the winter meets and developing himself as a runner, while you've been playing hockey — and good though that is for wind and muscle, it's not the same thing as running races.'

Judson made no reply. Much as he respected the coach's judgment, he thought Meade under-

valued the usefulness of hockey as a preparation for work on the track. He had his own doubts, too, as to Lloyd's ability to meet the test which the race would impose. The boy would be a great runner some day — no question of that. But he was only a sophomore, and younger than most sophomores; he did not seem to Judson to have acquired as yet the confidence that should mark the winner of races; even in the conscientiousness and intensity of his efforts a certain anxiety manifested itself. He was a lithe, deep-chested, well-muscled fellow, light-haired, blue-eyed; though he was shorter than Judson by a couple of inches, his stride when running equaled Judson's in length, and was more smooth and springy. His 'form' was excellent; his temperament, Judson thought, might be better if it were not quite so eager — if it were a bit phlegmatic.

Merritt had similar misgivings and expressed them freely to Judson. 'That boy Lloyd is too green, too immature, to be made the key man in a big race,' he declared. 'He feels it himself; I know by the way he acts.'

'He may feel nervous now and still come up to the scratch,' Judson answered.

'Just the same I'd feel a whole lot safer if you were picked to do his job.'

'Thanks, old man. But a coach has the best

opportunity for sizing up runners, and Meade is certainly a good coach.'

'He has one weakness; he's partial to the fellows that have done the most work under him. I believe that's why he picked Lloyd. If you'd spent the winter doing track work and running in indoor meets, all under Meade's eye, the way Lloyd did, you'd have been Meade's choice. He just can't help having the idea that a fellow whom he has more or less brought up to run is a better runner than a fellow that he's coached intermittently.'

'We'd better assume he's right and try to give Lloyd all the confidence we can,' Judson answered.

'He hasn't come to me; I don't see that I can do anything for him.'

'Cody acquired a good deal of prestige by his work in indoor meets during the winter; he's a better man, I guess, than he was last year. He licked me last year, and it's natural that Meade should look for some one else to lick him this year.'

'All right — but he hasn't picked a winner.'

On the last day of practice before the meet with Yale, Meade cautioned the participants in the various events not to overexert themselves in the tests, but to see how well they could per-

form without exhausting effort. In the half-mile Merritt and Judson as pacemakers made rapid time up to the point where the break was to come and Lloyd was to pass them. They were to try to hold Cody pocketed a moment longer, and thus insure Lloyd's victory. In this practice trial, Lloyd passed them at the appointed spot, but Judson was aware from his breathing as he passed that he had little effort in reserve.

When Judson was dressed and was about to leave the Locker Building, Jack Baldwin, the hammer thrower, came up to him. 'Meade wants to see you for a moment, Juddy,' Baldwin said. 'He's in there.' He pointed to the room in which the coach was accustomed to assemble the men for informal talks.

Judson found Meade engaged in conversation with two fellows who ran in the hurdles. They soon departed; then Judson drew near the coach.

'I'm troubled about Lloyd,' Meade said. 'I may have been mistaken in him — he may not have the necessary stamina. I'm going to talk with him, and I may ask him to come and have a talk with you; if he does, I know you'll do what you can to brace him up. But what I want to say especially to you is this: if Lloyd doesn't come up at the turn to-morrow, you've got to make it your race from that point on. It's too late to revise our whole plan — and Lloyd may

come through. But if he doesn't — just remember that in order to win the meet, we shall probably need to win the half-mile.'

The coach put his hand on Judson's shoulder and walked with him to the door. His manner as well as his words expressed appeal, and confidence in the person to whom he was appealing; and Judson as he departed had a new sense of friendliness for the coach and sympathy for him in his problems. But he could not help hoping that in the race the next day Lloyd would fail and that he himself would have the opportunity to make the final fight with Cody.

'You're looking cheerful,' Dillaway said, looking up from his book when Judson entered the room. 'Things must have gone well to-day.'

'I don't know that they have, especially. But a fellow can't always be having a grouch, you know — even though he has you for a roommate.'

Dillaway grinned. 'Now you'll feel better than ever. Right on your toes to-day. Save some of the pep, though, for to-morrow.'

'If I don't lose it all grinding for this history exam!' With a sigh Judson opened a book.

The two roommates sat quietly for a quarter of an hour. Then their studying was interrupted by a call from Lloyd.

He stood in some embarrassment, glancing at

Dillaway. 'I don't want to disturb you,' he said addressing Judson. 'But if you could give me about five minutes ——'

'I was just going out,' Dillaway said. 'Good luck to you to-morrow, Lloyd.'

'Thanks.' Lloyd's embarrassment did not visibly lessen with Dillaway's departure. He sat leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, turning his hat round and round in his hands.

'Meade thought I'd better have a talk with you, if you would be so good — I haven't been doing so well lately; for some reason I've got scared.'

'What are you scared of?' Judson smiled. 'You know, even if you don't win, no one's going to punish you.'

'Yes, but I realize that Meade is trusting a lot in me, and somehow the thought has made me more and more nervous. I've always been nervous before a race, but never anything like this. What I'm really afraid of is that I may start so scared that my wind will give out before I finish.'

'That won't happen,' Judson said decidedly. 'You'll finish — and you have a good chance of finishing first. Cody is probably just as nervous as you are. Every one's nervous before a race. Cody's a little fellow; he has no right to beat long-legged runners like you and me. He's

nothing to be afraid of; the race is nothing to be afraid of; it's something to take joy in while you're running in it and to look back on with satisfaction afterward. You'll beat Cody to-morrow. I'm not sure I shan't beat him myself.'

'I think Meade wishes now he'd chosen you to do it.' Lloyd made the acknowledgment ungrudgingly.

'Get rid of that thought; it won't help you. Meade has a sure eye for runners. That's the thing you want to keep in mind. If you do, you'll get back your confidence. Remember, head work wins as many races as leg work does.'

'I suppose so — if one has the head. But I'm afraid I must rely chiefly on my legs.'

'You have a good pair of those, anyway. And your head doesn't look so bad. Get a good night's sleep and tell yourself to-morrow that you're no more scared than Cody is. It will be the truth.'

After Lloyd had departed, Judson hoped that he had given him the moral help that he especially needed. But when he saw him in the dressing-room the next afternoon just before the meet was to begin, he wondered whether any one so quivering with nervousness could have sufficient endurance for the test. 'Feeling right, old man?' Judson said to him.

'Oh, sure; feeling fine.' But Lloyd's voice was

husky and unnatural, and after speaking he drew a long breath as if he were trying to nerve himself for the ordeal.

The call for the half-mile runners came. Judson walked with Lloyd from the Locker Building to the Stadium, Merritt and Patterson following behind. The air was warm, a light breeze blew from the south, in the sunshine the grass of the athletic fields had still the emerald green of spring.

'Great day to break records,' Judson said to Lloyd. 'See if you can't break your own, if not the intercollegiate.'

Lloyd smiled and nodded, too agitated to speak. So Judson continued to talk encouragingly: 'Nothing like warm air and a strong sun to lubricate the joints; better than any massage. And when you hear the crowd yelling for you to come on, then you'll beat it for the tape as never before.'

'With a Harvard crowd yelling in front of you and a Yale man's spikes tearing up the dirt behind you, you bet you'll run,' said Merritt.

They entered the enclosure; at the farther end of the green oval white-clad figures were running and leaping in the running broad jump, and others were putting the shot. The spectators were nearly all banked in the seats at that end of the field, where the races finished, but a few

were scattered in the seats on the farther side opposite the starting point of the longer runs.

Meade joined the group of half-milers and walked with them across the field. 'Run the race according to schedule if you can,' he said. 'But in case of emergencies, or if the Yale plan proves different from what we've anticipated, you'll each of you have to use your own judgment. I know, anyway, that you'll all do your best.'

'How have things been going?' Judson asked.

'Not very well. We've just lost the hammer throw that we counted on winning. It's all the more necessary for us to have first place in the half.'

The four Yale runners had thrown off their wrappers and were limbering up on the grass.

'The little fellow's Cody,' Judson said to Lloyd. 'Just a shrimp. We can't let him beat us.'

Short Cody was, but so powerfully built that the word shrimp seemed to Lloyd quite inappropriate.

Judson tossed aside his wrapper and pranced about, lifting his knees high. Lloyd and Merritt and Patterson followed his example; then the four tried out their stride, running for a short distance on the turf.

A moment later the eight runners were called

to the starting point and assigned to their places in line across the track. Harris of Yale had the inside position, Patterson was on the outside. In the middle Cody, Judson, and Lloyd were arranged in that order. Between Cody and Harris Merritt was placed. Two Yale runners, Baines and Holden, were between Lloyd and Patterson.

At the crack of the pistol Harris and Patterson started off at high speed and ran side by side, with Merritt, Cody, and Judson all keeping abreast two or three paces behind them. Lloyd, Baines, and Holden were running on even terms a few feet in the rear.

At the first turn Judson glanced over his shoulder and saw that Baines had moved up and was running on the inside of the track in front of Lloyd, with Holden closing in so that Lloyd was pocketed. The Yale pair had outmaneuvered the Harvard sophomore at the start. Judson suspected that now Lloyd would become desperate and in his struggle to extricate himself from his predicament use up his strength and endurance.

At the quarter mile, Patterson fell behind. Harris maintained his lead at a pace that was unabated. Judson decided that it was time to close in on Harris; to his increase of speed Merritt responded. So also did Cody. The three

were soon running just a pace behind Harris, their relative positions unchanged.

Suddenly Judson was aware that Baines was coming up from behind. They were about ten yards from the last turn before the straightaway to the finish. Judson sprang ahead, leaving both Merritt and Cody behind, overtook Harris and passed him, and rounded the turn, leading the field. A cry of delight broke from the Harvard spectators, and Judson heard them shouting his name.

But the spurt had left him gasping. He hoped it was Merritt or Lloyd who was close behind him, but instantly he knew, from the short quick steps of the approaching runner, that it was Cody. He slackened his own pace in order that he might have breath and strength for the final effort. Those short steps with their quick, rhythmic beat — how they bothered a fellow's stride! Judson felt almost compelled to adjust his own step to them — to have his feet strike the cinder track in time with Cody's.

From the almost irresistible desire there sprang to life in his mind an idea. He slowed his pace a trifle, and instantly Cody came abreast of him, and instantly from the Yale spectators in the stands rose a shout, and the cries, 'Cody! Cody!' 'Judson! Judson!' became intermingled. But to the shouting Judson gave no

heed. Panting and weary, he was trying out now the idea which had come to him like a flash of inspiration. Side by side with Cody he ran, adapting his step to Cody's, making his long legs work in time with Cody's short ones, so that his spiked shoes and Cody's struck the track in unison. With the even beat of their steps he became aware that Cody was gasping like himself, and running with no less effort. He lengthened his stride a little, and Cody lengthened his in order to keep pace and hold the even beat. Judson felt that now the strain was telling on his opponent. Fifteen yards ahead was the tape; on every side there seemed a confusion of shouting; sight was blurred; the tape was bobbing up and down; Cody, still keeping step, was at his elbow. Then Judson lengthened his stride to the full and, doing so, forged ahead. He was holding the lead; Cody, trying too long to measure steps with him, fell behind and was too much exhausted by the effort into which he had been beguiled to make a winning spurt. But in the last five yards Judson was suddenly aware, amidst all the Harvard shouting, that a runner had come up and had almost overhauled him on the right; he could hear him gasping only a foot behind. Whether it was Baines or Holden or Harris he did not know; in a last desperate lunge forward he broke the tape and fell into

Meade's arms. But he was not too utterly exhausted to look round and see that the fellow who had crossed the line just behind him and had now collapsed in the arms of a couple of Harvard men was Lloyd.

Twenty minutes later in the Locker Building, Lloyd told Judson of his part in the race. When he had found himself pocketed almost at once by Baines and Holden, panic and despair had seized him; he felt that at the very outset he had been forced into a position which would render it impossible for him to carry out his assignment. 'Then I reminded myself of what you had said about head work being as good as leg work,' Lloyd said. 'I decided to jog along and save myself all I could, and when a chance should come, jump in and do all I could. Baines and Holden moved up when you did, and I moved up with them. Then, when you passed Harris, Baines got excited and tore after you, and I tore after him. I passed him and Harris twenty yards from the finish, then Merritt, and then I went after you and Cody. I managed to pass Cody about two yards from the tape. I don't feel badly at not beating you.'

'I'm proud to have beaten you,' said Judson.

'I was almost sure Cody would win when he began to gain on you,' Lloyd said. 'I was afraid he was going to win, up to the last ten yards;

till then he seemed to be running awfully strong. Then he faded away all of a sudden. I wonder what happened.'

'I tried to use a little head work as well as leg work, too,' said Judson modestly.

Lloyd listened admiringly to the explanation. 'You certainly have the brains,' he said. 'And they gave us eight points in the half-mile, instead of only four.'

Inasmuch as Harvard won the meet by a margin of only two points, the four points that head work plus leg work had earned in the half-mile race were highly important.

THE MATCH PLAYER

A THING that a fellow thoroughly enjoys doing he usually learns to do pretty well. It was no doubt sheer delight in playing tennis rather than any pronounced natural ability that had enabled Fred Osborne by the time he had reached his junior year to win recognition as one of the two or three best tennis players in Harvard College. In the autumn of that year he was defeated in the finals of the tournament for the college championship by John Carr, a senior, in a close five-set match. In the semifinals Carr had won an equally close match with another senior, Ralph Conway; the question whether Osborne or Conway should rank second to Carr was therefore unsettled. That it was a question of importance which would have to be decided the next spring Osborne was fully aware; then a tennis team consisting of the two best players in the college would represent Harvard in both singles and doubles in the annual tennis match with Yale. And Fred Osborne, who could not expect to win any other athletic distinction, fervently hoped to be chosen as the second member of the tennis team.

During the winter his efforts to improve his

tennis form provoked many derisive comments by his roommate, Tom Willis. For fifteen minutes every day Osborne would bat a tennis ball against a wall of the room from which he had removed the pictures; he told Willis that the exercise strengthened one's wrist and improved one's backhand stroke. Willis said that it did not improve the wallpaper, but Osborne pointed out that he placed all his shots skillfully in a small area which could always be covered by pictures. Willis scoffed at the notion that such indoor practice could be of the slightest benefit to one's game.

'Well, anyway, I like to feel a racquet and swing it and hear the thump of the ball,' Osborne said. 'Makes me think of spring.'

'You're coo-coo on tennis, just coo-coo,' Willis observed.

He was himself a real athlete, a football player and crew man, and it was natural that he should look on his roommate's trivial interests with some disdain. Yet, although he would not admit it, he had a warm desire to see Osborne make the tennis team; it would please the bespectacled non-athletic soul so much to get his letter showing that he represented the college in a minor sport! And when at last spring came and Osborne was actually once more playing tennis outdoors and Willis was rowing on the

river the big fellow often showed a flattering interest in the other's game.

'Why don't you challenge Conway to play with you some time and show him right now where he gets off?' he demanded. 'Establish your superiority over him early; give him an inferiority complex.'

'It might work out the reverse way,' Osborne said. 'Still I'll try it.'

He reported the following evening that he had approached Conway and been rebuffed.

'Surly sort of beggar,' he said. 'Told me he'd play me some time, not now.'

'He probably thinks you're playing better than he is, and he doesn't want to take you on till he's had more practice. It shows he's afraid of you — and that's a good thing.'

'He was so stuffy and offish when I went to him that I guess now I'll let him make the next move. He made me feel I'd been fresh to address him at all.'

'Sure, that was his way of trying to establish his superiority over you. The guy has brains.' Willis opened his notebook, took out his fountain pen, and then before settling down to the evening's study added one final word 'Don't let him give you the idea that in comparison with him you're a worm.'

A few days later Osborne received a notifica-

tion from Sam Goodwin, the chairman of the tennis committee, that he and Conway should arrange together within a week to play a three-set match, the winner of which, with John Carr, would represent Harvard against Yale. Osborne waited a day for Conway to make the advance; the second day, however, meeting him on the street, he asked him when he would be ready to play.

'Day after to-morrow, at three,' Conway replied curtly and passed on.

The match that was to determine the selection of the second member of the tennis team was not an event of any importance in the college athletic calendar. When the two contestants met at the courts and found no member of the tennis committee there to receive them, Conway expressed his indignation.

'No linesmen, and we've got to furnish the balls evidently!' he exclaimed. 'I didn't bring any balls; how about you, Osborne?'

'I have four new ones.'

'That's all right, then. And we shall have to watch our own lines.'

'I guess we shan't have any trouble over that.'

They tossed for court and then for a few minutes exchanged practice shots. 'I'm all ready if you are,' Osborne said at last. Conway walked to the base line and served a ball.

'Fault!' called Osborne. 'No, that was just a practice serve,' Conway said. 'Ready now?' 'All right,' came the reply.

Osborne had felt a little surprised when Conway had announced his first serve was merely a practice serve; as the set proceeded the unpleasant suspicion that his opponent was seizing every opportunity to impose on him introduced itself into his mind. After Conway served a fault, he allowed little time for Osborne to prepare to receive the second ball; on the other hand, twice when Osborne served a ball beyond his opponent's reach, Conway protested that he had not been ready, and the point was played over. And Osborne felt he had reason to question several decisions that Conway made on balls close to the line. But he kept silent and accepted the decisions rather than betray the distrust that he had begun to feel. For the first time in his life, he was failing to enjoy a close match. Never before had he played against a fellow who seemed willing to resort to unsportsmanlike tactics in order to win; now that he was vigilant to detect such tactics and resentful of them, the annoyance that they engendered spoiled his pleasure in the contest.

Nevertheless, he won the first set, six games to four. He resolved, as he passed to the opposite court, to win the second set speedily and have

the disagreeable experience over with as soon as possible. The resolve, the impatience that it fostered, and the increasing annoyance that Conway's methods caused him affected his play; he became erratic and unsteady, and it was not he but Conway who won the second set in short order, six games to two.

Realizing with the opening game of the third set that it was Conway's intention to hurry him, he took his time in moving into position; he recovered his normal steadiness of play and soon was leading, two games to one and forty-thirty on the fourth. 'One more point,' he thought, 'and I'll have him three-one, and then I'll make a runaway match of it.'

He served a swift ball that he thought struck exactly in the corner of Conway's court — a ball that Conway could not reach.

'Fault,' called Conway imperturbably.

Osborne set his lips and served a second ball, a slow ball that Conway slammed down the side line, making the score deuce. The next two points and the game went to Conway, and the score, instead of being three games to one in Osborne's favor, was tied at two games all. Thereafter each player won his service game until the score stood six to five, Conway leading. By that time Osborne was inwardly seething with fury. He was certain that his opponent

had appropriated two more critical points — one by calling a ball out that had struck the line, and the other by demanding that a point be played over after Osborne had called a ball out.

With the games six to five against him in the deciding set, Osborne, serving, made the score forty-fifteen. Then he swung too soon in his effort to kill a high lob, and sent the ball a foot outside. Forty-thirty; he must not let Conway bring this game to deuce.

He settled himself to serve; he decided not to run to the net. His ball was a swift one, well over into the corner of his opponent's court; Conway returned it but was left out of position. Osborne drove it then to the other side-line and had the satisfaction of seeing it strike the tape.

'Out!' called Conway.

'No, that struck the tape,' declared Osborne. 'I could see it perfectly.'

'It looked out to me,' insisted Conway. He walked over and studied the spot where the ball had struck. 'There's no mark; we'd better play the point over.'

'Of course there's no mark; it hit the tape.'

'I was in as good a position to see as you. We'd better play it over.'

Unwilling to wrangle with Conway, Osborne acquiesced; his silence, however, did not mean that he had achieved self-control. He served

with all his might; the ball went into the net. He served a second ball as hard as the first and with the same result. He moved a step to the left and again put all his strength into his service; the ball was a fault. Once more — double fault; Conway's vantage. On the next point Conway returned a slow serve sharply down the side-line out of Osborne's reach; game, set, and match for Conway.

The victor silently collected the four balls and silently presented them to Osborne, who stood by the net waiting to receive them.

'You won't find it so easy to win at Yale,' Osborne suddenly blazed out. 'They'll have linesmen there.'

'You ——' Conway dropped his racquet and stood with clenched fists; Osborne dropped racquet and balls and confronted him. After a moment Conway shrugged his shoulders and picked up his racquet. 'It wouldn't prove anything if I were to maul you with my fists,' he said calmly. 'This' — shaking the racquet — 'is the thing I'm going to lick you with.' At that Osborne caught up his own racquet as if to defend himself, and then Conway smiled grimly. 'No, I'm not going to spank you — though you need it. This match to-day doesn't count. To-morrow I'll play you to see who goes to Yale — and you'll get two linesmen and I'll get two;

and I'll give you the worst licking of your young life.'

He strode off briskly, leaving Osborne both angry and ashamed. Walking slowly to his room, Osborne acknowledged to himself that his handling of the situation had been anything but brilliant. He ought to have stood on his rights at the moment when he knew they were being violated, instead of sputtering and making caustic remarks afterward. Or else he ought to have nerved himself to beat the fellow in spite of the unfair decisions.

That evening he gave Willis an account of the match and its sequel.

'I don't blame you much if you didn't show the best of judgment,' Willis said. 'Most fellows would probably have done what you did. You've got to beat him to-morrow, of course — and you mustn't let yourself feel now that he's established his superiority over you; that's not the right frame of mind at all, Fred.'

'I know it, and I want to beat him, but I guess I can't play my best game unless I'm really having a good time playing. And there won't be any fun in that game to-morrow.'

'Yes, there will too. You'll have the best fun you ever had in your life beating that lobster. I'm excused from rowing to-morrow afternoon; I'll come and act as a linesman.'

The following day at three o'clock Osborne, accompanied by Willis and Frank Randall, who had also agreed to contribute his services as linesman, set off for the tennis courts. He felt uncomfortable in mind, not at all keen and eager for the game, as he had always hitherto felt, when on the way to take part in a tennis match. His relations with fellows in sport had never before been unpleasant; the good fellowship and friendship with others that he had gained through tennis had seemed a part of the game.

Confronted at the court by Conway, who, unsmiling, hostile, held out four new balls to him, and silently spun his racquet for choice of court or serve, he felt subdued, abashed. Conway's two friends were looking at him curiously. Conway had, of course, told them that he had won the match only to have his opponent make unsportsmanlike complaints afterwards.

The linesmen took their places, the players exchanged practice shots for a while; Osborne finally said, 'Ready?' and Conway nodded. It was Osborne's service, and he counted on usually winning his service game, but this first one he lost after it had gone to deuce, and Conway, serving, took the second game at love. Osborne then began to play better, but his rallies were fitful and not long sustained; his consciousness

of his opponent's vindictiveness, intensified as often as he glanced at Conway's grim face, his dislike of the fellow, and his dissatisfaction with his own conduct detracted from his physical energy and his power of coördinating hand and eye. Conway won the match, 7–5, 6–4, without ever questioning a linesman's decision.

After the last point had been played, Osborne picked up the two balls that were on his side of the net and handed them to Conway, whose property they were. Conway took them, and as he did so he remarked in tones audible to the four linesmen who had drawn near, 'Now I'm through with you.'

Immediately he turned his back on Osborne and walked away, accompanied by his two friends, whose quiet laughter indicated their approval of the winner's farewell speech.

Hot and flushed though he already was from his efforts, Osborne felt the blood rush to his face; he stood silent. Willis and Randall showed their chagrin. 'You let him get away with everything!' Willis said reproachfully. 'It's too bad, Fred; you weren't on your game to-day.'

'I know it.' Osborne inserted his racquet into its case. 'When I don't enjoy a game, I can't play it.'

'You had a moral duty to lick him,' insisted Willis. 'You ought to have risen to it, instead of

letting him go off at the end with his head in the air, while you stood dumb.'

'Gosh, Tom, don't rub it in. What would you have said after that farewell remark?'

'Me? I'd have said if he ever did try to speak to me, I'd knock his block off.'

'You could have said it. But it would have been sort of absurd, coming from me.'

'Never mind. Have the nerve to be absurd. A fellow who has too much sense of humor has too little sense of his own importance. That's one trouble with you.'

'Where do you get all the psychology stuff, Tom?' asked Randall; and Willis answered gravely: 'Mixing with men — like you and Fred. That's what does it.'

For the next day or two Osborne brooded at intervals over the defect in his character that the episode with Conway appeared to have unmasked. Did it mean that he really didn't have enough strength of mind or will to put through successfully a distasteful piece of work? He could not answer the question; he always returned to the conviction that when a game became distasteful you couldn't play it with enthusiasm; and that when you couldn't play it with enthusiasm you couldn't play it well.

His match with Conway had taken place on Tuesday; on the following Thursday, Sam

Goodwin, the chairman of the tennis committee, came to see him.

'Have you heard about Carr?' Goodwin asked. 'He was taken with appendicitis and operated on last night. He's coming on all right, but naturally he won't be able to play against Yale on Saturday. I've talked with the other fellows on the committee, and we all agree that you'll have to go as second man on the team.'

'I'll do my best. Does Conway know?'

'Yes. I understand that you and he have had some kind of a row; I told him he was to forget it, at least for the time being, and I tell you the same. He's to be captain of your team, and you and he will have to do the best you can together.'

Whatever misgivings the announcement brought to Osborne, he found it easy to put aside in the exhilaration of knowing that he was to play for Harvard against Yale. Willis congratulated him and encouraged him, told him that he would win his singles match, of course, since he would be playing against Yale's second best and yet was really Harvard's first best, and that in the doubles match he would simply have to forget who his partner was.

The expenses of the trip were to be paid by the Harvard Athletic Association. On Friday morning Osborne received from the manage-

ment a railroad ticket entitling him to a reserved seat on an afternoon train to New Haven. When a few minutes before train time he entered the Pullman car, he found Conway occupying the next seat to his. Conway glanced at him as if he were a stranger and looked away. During the trip to New Haven he and Conway did not exchange a word.

At the New Haven station, Conway was the first to descend to the platform. Osborne, following, saw two young men, Yale students evidently, greet him; then, as he himself stood looking about uncertainly, one of the strangers stepped up and said to him, 'Are you Mr. Osborne?' Then he introduced himself as Winslow and his companion as McCoy, and Osborne knew that he had met the two members of the Yale tennis team.

Winslow and McCoy escorted the visitors to an automobile; Winslow took the driver's seat, and Conway got in beside him, while McCoy and Osborne climbed in behind.

'We'll take you to the hotel, and then you must have supper with us,' said McCoy. 'We were sorry to hear about your man Carr — hope he's getting on all right. Have you two fellows played together much?'

'No,' said Osborne. 'In fact, never.'

'Winslow and I teamed up for the first time

last week,' McCoy said. 'So we haven't any great advantage there.'

After leaving their bags at the hotel, the visiting players were driven to one of the fraternities, where they had dinner with McCoy and Winslow and a number of other Yale students. They spent the evening with these new acquaintances at a moving picture show and never betrayed the fact that they were themselves not on speaking terms.

Osborne's match with McCoy was scheduled to begin at half past ten o'clock the next morning. At eleven o'clock, on the adjoining court, Conway and Winslow were to play. The doubles match was set for three o'clock in the afternoon and would be of little or of great interest, according to the results of the two singles matches.

It was a fine warm morning, sunny and without wind; Osborne took the court against McCoy feeling in the best of spirits. He found his opponent steady, but not versatile, a good ground-coverer, sure in his returns, but lacking swiftness and sharpness of stroke; he was the kind of steady, hard-working player that Osborne, brilliant and hard-hitting, could always beat when he was at the top of his game. And on this morning he was at the top of it, and enjoying every moment of it. He had already won the first set, 6–3, when Winslow and Con-

way began to warm up on the next court; he took the second set, 6–4, and McCoy congratulated him.

'You certainly do put the ball away for keeps with that forehand drive of yours,' McCoy remarked, as they entered the clubhouse. 'Winslow and I will have to put them to your backhand this afternoon.'

'I was hitting them pretty well for me,' Osborne said modestly. 'This afternoon as likely as not I'll be way off my game.'

So apprehensive was he of a disastrous result from his partnership with Conway that he hoped most heartily on emerging from the clubhouse he should find his team-mate well along on the road to victory. If Conway won his singles, a poor showing in the doubles would not be important.

But Conway was not winning. He was pitted against a player whose hard, twisting service and slashing strokes were too much for him, and, though he made a gallant effort by his net play, which was the most effective feature of his game, he was beaten in straight sets, 7–5 and 6–4.

While McCoy jubilantly accompanied his teammate and Conway into the clubhouse, Osborne remained outside. He supposed the Yale men would wonder at his neglect to attend his defeated partner, but it would be better that

they should wonder over it than have an opportunity to observe the relations that actually existed between him and Conway. In a few moments McCoy reappeared; then Osborne told him that he was going back to the hotel to rest and get into good condition for the match in the afternoon.

'But Conway's lunching with Winslow and me; you'll come, won't you?'

Osborne hesitated; he supposed that his Yale friends were intending to take him and Conway again to the fraternity, where they would lunch with a number of other fellows and be able to conceal their mutual dislike. So he accepted McCoy's invitation.

To his dismay he found that it was the intention of the Yale men to take their guests, not to the fraternity, but to a restaurant, where they would have a table for four.

'We can get a much better meal there,' Winslow explained, 'and I think we all of us can do with a pretty good lunch.'

Osborne found the luncheon party an unpleasant experience. None of the others enjoyed it, and his sensitiveness to the fact that he was partly responsible for the discomfort of his kindly hosts made him miserable. He had tried at the beginning to talk freely and cheerfully, but by some mischance the conversation took a

turn which compelled him to appeal directly to Conway to corroborate or substantiate a statement in regard to the time that a Harvard quarter-miler had made. Conway sat silent, with eyes fixed on the wall opposite. Osborne flushed, then turned to McCoy with a laugh and said, 'Conway and I aren't speaking to each other; for the moment I forgot.'

Conway addressed Winslow imperturbably. 'At Harvard this year we're not going to do very well in track, I'm afraid. No good sprinters — though we have a couple of men who are good in the field events.'

Osborne felt that, though Winslow and McCoy were too well-bred to exhibit surprise or annoyance at the behavior of their guests, they were hardly less glad than he when the meal came to an end. He was aware that they rose from the table as soon as possible.

They shook hands with him, and Conway promised to be ready to play at three o'clock and left them at the door of the restaurant. Conway crossed the street to the farther sidewalk and walked to the hotel, while Osborne followed a few paces behind.

Osborne sat in a comfortable chair in the hotel lobby and tried to take some interest in watching the people who passed in and out; but his sense of satisfaction, which had been so

agreeable during and after his match with McCoy, had vanished. He thought gloomily of the ordeal ahead of him — having to appear on the court as the partner of a fellow whom he disliked and who disliked him, and without any longer being able to maintain even the guise of friendliness. There would probably be a crowd of spectators, too; there hadn't been many at the singles matches, but in the afternoon they would turn out, especially with the score a tie and the doubles match decisive.

In that respect, Osborne's expectations were not disappointed. When at five minutes before three he followed McCoy and Winslow out on the court, he found it surrounded with Yale undergraduates. A few ladies were among the spectators; the tennis match had been well advertised. Osborne exchanged practice shots with his two opponents; presently Conway appeared and joined in the warming-up exercises. Then Conway and Winslow tossed for court. Conway won and without consulting Osborne made his choice. He himself took the left-hand court, again without consulting his partner.

Osborne received the first ball, one of Winslow's twisting, high-bounding serves. He drove it hard into the net. Conway had no better success with his return. The Yale men won the first game with little effort.

Conway gathered up three balls and took his place at the base line, ready to serve; Osborne established himself at the net. After serving, Conway came running up; Winslow returned the ball, a high lob, over Osborne's head. The sun was in Osborne's eyes; moreover, smashing lobs was not one of the things in tennis that he did best; nevertheless, he tried to smash this lob, caught the ball on the rim of his racquet, and pulled it feebly to the ground. Both he and Conway played poorly that game and the next; the Yale pair were soon leading, three-love; then Osborne took up the balls to serve. He felt that with such a partner as Conway there was no use in trying; he wished that the match were over; he knew that he ought to play his best, regardless of his feeling about Conway, and he meant to do it; but the mental struggle did not assist him in his physical efforts. He did, however, serve well, and he and Conway won that game after it had several times gone to deuce. They made a stand on the next game, only to lose it finally; they won Conway's service game, but lost the game following it; then Osborne served again, and again succeeded in winning his game. With the score 5–3 against them, he began to feel they might after all have a chance, but Winslow's hard twisting service soon put the Yale men within a point of the set. Forty-

fifteen; Osborne stood ready to receive the ball. It bounded spinning to his backhand; he put up a feeble lob to McCoy, who smashed it far out of his reach.

Turning to pick up the ball, Osborne wished that Conway and not he had been responsible for the loss of that last point of the set. His only satisfaction lay in the knowledge that on the whole Conway had been playing no better than himself.

Then, as they were changing courts, Conway stepped up, put his arm across Osborne's shoulders, and said: 'Old man, we can lick them if we'll only feel right about each other. I'm sorry. Now let's go. What say?'

Osborne's smile flashed as he answered, 'Captain, I'm with you.'

It was a different team in spirit that the Yale men faced that second set. Once more Osborne was playing tennis with a joyful heart. And Conway's game showed a steadiness and a sureness that it had lacked before. Winslow's service was still puzzling. Osborne was not better able to smash high lobs than he had been, Conway's backhand strokes continued to be weak; nevertheless, the effectiveness of the Harvard team's game seemed to increase; talking to each other encouragingly, making light of each other's errors, they won the second set 6–4 and rapidly

went into the lead in the third and final set. At 4–2 they seemed within easy reach of victory, but Winslow with his powerful serves made the score 4–3, and then Conway, serving, weakened and the score was tied. The next game was the hardest fought and most exciting of the match; over and over again Osborne, playing the right-hand court, made the score vantage out by returning McCoy's serve with a brilliant drive, and over and over again Conway in the left-hand court made a weak return that enabled the Yale men to bring the score again to deuce. 'Never mind, old man,' Osborne said to him. 'We'll get them yet.' And again he slammed McCoy's service, a swift drive across court, and again it was Conway's chance. This time Conway sent a sharp backhand chop; the ball struck the ground at McCoy's feet as he came running in, and McCoy hit it into the net.

Osborne prepared to serve; Conway handed a ball to him and said, 'Now we're all set; with you serving we can't lose.' Never had Osborne's eye and hand worked together better than they did in that game; every serve seemed a white streak that cut close to the opponent's service line and always inside it; the first two serves Winslow and McCoy failed to return; the next two they sent back in easy fashion to Conway who at the

net smashed the ball clear out of reach. Thus the set and match ended, with victory for Harvard. The spectators applauded generously in spite of their disappointment; the Yale players congratulated the victors and had no excuses to offer.

'It was hard luck for us that you fellows made up your quarrel in the middle of the match,' said McCoy.

'You forced us to it,' Conway answered.

Osborne wondered if the truce with Conway was to be only temporary. In the train going home Conway talked to him in a manner that left him in no doubt on that point.

'You thought I'd done you out of that first match we played,' Conway said. 'There were a lot of close decisions, and when they were mine to make, I gave myself the benefit of the doubt and expected you to ask to have the point played over if you weren't satisfied, just as I asked you to play points over when I wasn't satisfied with your decisions. When I'm in a match game I play to win, and I don't concede anything. If there's an umpire, I never dispute a decision. If there isn't an umpire, I don't give any points away, and I don't expect to have any points given to me. Maybe you think that's poor sportsmanship.'

'Well,' said Osborne, evading a direct answer,

'I'd rather be playing with you than against you — unless there's an umpire.'

Conway smiled and laid his hand on Osborne's knee. 'That's right; when you feel you're right, don't you concede anything either.' After a moment he added, 'I'm not so sure now it wasn't poor sportsmanship.'

When Osborne told Willis the full story of the doubles match, Willis shook his head.

'I doubt if you'll ever be a good match player,' he said. 'You're too easily affected by things that shouldn't matter. Still, I'm glad Conway did the decent thing.'

'So am I,' said Osborne. 'And as long as I enjoy a game I don't care much how good I am as a match player.'

LACK OF FAITH

After luncheon, Jack Baldwin, the hammer thrower, and Steve Winslow, the hurdler, and Tom Clinton, the pole vaulter, walked from the 'Varsity Club, where as members of the Harvard Track Team they took their meals, across the college yard to Baldwin's room on the first floor of Holworthy. It was a favorite resort for Baldwin's friends, for not only was it most accessible but also it was furnished with more comfortable chairs, sofa and window seats than were to be found in most college rooms. Winslow stretched his long legs out on the sofa, Clinton lay on his back on a window seat with his feet propped against the wall higher than his head, and Baldwin disposed his massive hulk in a capacious armchair which must have been built, Winslow remarked, 'especially for him or some other elephant.'

Against one wall of the study, between the two curtained doorways that led into Baldwin's bedroom and that of Frank Hale, his roommate, stood a large cabinet filled with silver or silver-plated cups, vases, platters, boxes; on the mantelpiece there was a similar array of trophies.

'I wish I were as sure of adding to my collection of junk next Saturday as you are, Jack,' Winslow remarked.

'Same here,' said Clinton. 'But I guess it will be only Jack who will add to the collection in this room.'

'Frank jumped twenty-two feet, eleven and a half inches yesterday,' Baldwin replied in mild protest. 'That might put him in first place.'

'Did you ever know him to come through when anything depended on him?' Clinton asked.

'That's a bit rough,' said the big hammer thrower.

'But did you?' persisted Clinton. 'You remember what hopes we had of him on the freshman track team. He outjumped everybody in practice. But when we went down to New Haven he lost his nerve completely — overstepped the take-off twice out of his three tries — couldn't even take third place.'

'He's older now.'

'Yes, but I don't believe he has any more nerve,' said Winslow. 'Tom's right about him; he's a whiz up to the point where he ought to be a whiz-bang, and then he's just a dud.'

'A good many of those cups belong to him.' Baldwin waved his huge hand toward the cabinet of trophies.

'Won at prep school though. And in handicap events probably. I like Frank; he's attractive and all that, but when you most want to count on him he fails you.' Winslow made himself more comfortable by shoving another cushion under his head and then continued: 'He and I ought to have won the doubles in the tennis tournament last fall. We had the score 5–4 and 40–15 on the Scott brothers in the finals; Frank was serving. At 40–15 he made a double fault; then he smashed an easy lob into the net, and the score was deuce. The next two points the Scotts lobbed to him — not awfully good lobs at that — and he smashed the ball out both times. That made it 5 all. I made my share of mistakes the next two games, but the Scotts knew that Frank was demoralized and kept playing at him, and they took the set, 7–5, and the match. He has no courage in a crisis.'

'No, and not too much at any time.' Clinton, the pole vaulter, pushed his feet a little higher up the wall. 'Down at Buzzard's Bay, where his family and mine go for the summer, there's a pier about eight feet above the water at high tide that you can dive from, and there's also a raft with a diving platform thirty feet high. Frank's a perfectly good swimmer and diver, but he was never willing to try a high dive — even though little kids would do it. He would make

beautiful dives from the pier, and that would satisfy him.'

'Why should you blame a fellow for not being ambitious in every direction?' demanded Baldwin. 'Frank's specialty is broad jumping, not high diving or pole vaulting.'

'That's all right — if he'll only show up as he should in his specialty,' said Winslow. 'But he won't.'

'You fellows make me tired.' The giant in the big armchair rumbled his disapproval. 'You've got no faith in anybody but yourselves.'

'Oh, yes we have. We'll bet on you always, Jack.'

'Perhaps Frank hasn't enough self-confidence,' Baldwin continued. 'But when he once beats a first-class man on even terms he'll become pretty nearly a world beater.'

'I hope he'll do it on Saturday,' said Clinton. 'Yale's got two first-class men in the broad jump.'

'Well,' observed Baldwin dryly, 'you fellows will have work enough cut out for you in your own events so that you needn't worry too much about what happens in the broad jump.'

Winslow laughed and said, 'We got what was coming to us, Tom.'

'Of course,' said Clinton apologetically, 'I

like Frank; he's a good fellow. But that doesn't make him a winner.'

The curtain hanging across the doorway to one of the bedrooms was drawn aside, and Frank Hale, coatless and in his stockings, appeared. With his dark hair tousled and his necktie twisted round under one ear and his mouth drawn up at one corner in a half-humorous, half-deprecating expression, he truly did not have the look of 'a winner.'

'They say that listeners never hear good of themselves,' he said. 'I suppose I was lucky not to hear worse.'

'If I'd suspected you were in there, you'd have heard a lot worse,' remarked Winslow. 'And I'll say now it was a rotten trick for you to let us go on without knowing you were listening.'

'Perhaps it was. But I thought I might get some useful hints.'

'I doubt if what you heard helped you much,' said Clinton.

'Perhaps not. But I could do a pretty good broad jump right now if I had you and Steve laid out in front of me to land on.'

'That's an idea,' said Baldwin. 'Steve, next Saturday you and Tom lie down twenty-four feet from the take-off when Frank is about to jump; that will give him something to shoot at.'

'The referee wouldn't allow it,' said Winslow. 'Otherwise we'd be delighted.'

'What's the idea, going to bed in the middle of the day?' Clinton asked.

'The trainer advised me to take a nap after lunch. This is the first day I've tried it.'

'Hereafter when we come in and want to talk you over we'll always look into your bedroom first,' said Winslow. 'You'd better go back to your nap now. Don't let our remarks worry you.'

But after Clinton and Winslow had departed, Hale did not go back to his nap. He stretched himself out on the sofa that Winslow had vacated and with his hands clasped under his head looked at Baldwin.

'Jack,' he said, 'what would you advise?'

'I don't know. What do you mean?'

'Those fellows were right about me, of course. As long as you can kid yourself into believing that nobody but yourself is aware of your weaknesses you can go along and not mind them too much. But when you find that your friends are discussing them — why then a fellow has got to do something.'

'You shouldn't feel so cut up over what Tom and Steve said.'

'I'm not especially cut up over it. They only said exactly what I've known about myself. You

were mighty good to stand up for me, Jack. I wish I could show your faith in me isn't misplaced.'

'Lack of nerve isn't always a thing to be ashamed of. Often a fellow who's troubled by it has some compensating gifts or sensitiveness.'

'I'm not aware of any compensations, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of my lack of nerve. They talked about the way I went to pieces in the tennis tournament, and the way I funked the high dive. It's perfectly true. I was so anxious not to have my partner lose through my poor playing that my muscles got all tight instead of feeling easy and free — and then of course my game became feeble and uncertain. As for high diving, I simply am a coward about it — just as I would be about scaling mountain cliffs, or going up in an airplane, or working on the roof of a tall building. Somehow, now that I've found I lack nerve in such ways, it's made me distrust myself in others, and I've begun to worry for fear of making a poor showing in the broad jump on Saturday. The thought of doing poorly before that crowd sort of paralyzes me.'

'Don't think of the crowd. They're usually bored by the broad jump anyway.'

'Yes, I try to keep that encouraging thought in mind. But just the same I know that all the members of the team will be scrutinizing my per-

formance and watching to see me "crack," just as Tom and Steve said. And the very thought makes me sure that when the time comes my muscles will tighten up and refuse to serve me, just as in the crisis of the tennis match.'

Baldwin passed his huge hand over his thick brown hair while with knitted brows he meditated on his roommate's difficulties.

'You remember that Tennyson said something about how men may rise on their dead selves as stepping stones to higher things,' he observed at last.

'That doesn't help me much.'

'No,' Baldwin grinned. 'I was just thinking that perhaps you had hit on a better formula for your case when you told those fellows how well you could jump if you only had them to land on.'

'I don't get what you're driving at.'

'You won't really think so much about the crowd up in the grandstand if you see three or four of your friends lined up right by the jump to keep tabs on you. Especially the two who showed they had no confidence in you. That will put real fight into your heart.'

'It isn't so much that I need to have more fight put into my heart; at least I don't think it's that. I begin to worry — about overstepping at the take-off, and about falling back

after the jump; and, thinking and worrying about such things, I don't seem able to do my best.'

'Yes. What you need is a stimulus that will chase your worries out of you and set you up on your toes at the last minute. Having three friends on the spot, two of them lacking in faith and one of them strong for you — you'll jump like a kangaroo.'

'I wonder,' said Hale doubtfully.

'I don't. Just think of the commiserating "I told you so" expression on their faces if you don't do well. Just think how they'll fall on your neck and say they were all wrong if you do. And then the satisfaction on my own honest countenance when you make the winning jump! Sure, we three will be an inspiration to you.'

'I don't know about the three of you, but you ought to be that, just you yourself.' Hale rose from the sofa and, seizing Baldwin's thick arm with both hands, tried without success to make a dent in his biceps. 'All right; you have Tom and Steve on deck, and I'll grit my teeth and show them I'm the human projectile.'

It was possible for Baldwin to arrange that he and Clinton and Winslow should all be close-up spectators of the broad jump, for that event was not scheduled to begin until after the pole vault, the 220-yard hurdles and the hammer

throw had been finished. Waiting in the Locker Building for his name to be called, Hale lay relaxed on a bench and received the news of the various contests. He saw fellow members of the team go out pale, eager, determined; he saw them a few minutes later come in flushed and breathing hard, elated or dejected. The fortunes of the day were fluctuating; now Harvard led by a few points, and now Yale. Jack Baldwin's winning of first place in the hammer throw put Harvard ahead by two points; Vincent of Yale won the 220-yard hurdles, Steve Winslow coming in second, with a Harvard man and a Yale man tied for third; then the score was tied.

The call came for the broad jumpers; within a few moments Hale and the two other Harvard competitors, Wright and Henderson, were walking together across the turf toward the green oval of the Stadium. In their bright-colored wrappers they were a garish trio, Hale in red, Wright in green, and Henderson in blue; the three Yale contestants who were proceeding a few feet in advance of them were more soberly attired, in browns and grays.

'That fellow in the middle is Nolan,' said Wright. 'He doesn't look very terrifying.'

'Not from the rear view.' Hale admitted to himself, however, that the Yale star broad jumper was a compact, well set-up fellow and

that the confidence shown in his springing step was disquieting.

The Harvard trio arrived upon the oval just as a pole vaulter at the farther end, wearing a blue band across his shirt, soared and shot over the crossbar, high above the heads of the officials grouped near by. He fell in a heap in the dirt, but sprang up lightly while the spectators were still applauding his performance.

Drawing nearer, Hale saw that the only remaining contestant in the pole vault was Tom Clinton. Hale and his two companions joined the other track men in wrappers who stood watching while Clinton with his pole measured the height of the crossbar.

'He's tried twice and failed,' said Winslow, who was among those standing near and who now came up to Hale. 'Simpson, the Eli, got over on his third attempt. Tom's done eleven feet three in practice; he ought at least to tie him.'

Meade, the coach, stood just beyond Winslow, his eyes fixed anxiously on Clinton as he prepared for his last effort to clear the bar. Hale felt that Meade in his calculations had counted on Clinton to win first place — or at least to tie for it. His failure now would be a serious blow to Harvard's chances of winning the meet.

Starting at a lope, Clinton suddenly increased

his speed, planted his pole, and swung himself up and up, then with a convulsive movement shot his legs straight out, higher than his body, and, thrusting away from his pole, gave to his flight the last possible impetus. But it was not quite sufficient; his shoulder scraped the cross-bar and brought it down rattling as he fell in a heap in the soft earth.

He picked himself up, looking crestfallen. Meade's expression was one of chagrin, and both Hale and Winslow heard him remark to Webster, the captain of the team, 'Pity some of our fellows haven't been able to do to-day what they've sometimes done in practice.'

The comment gave Hale an odd sense of comfort. It was helpful to know that, if he failed to do his best, he shouldn't be alone in disappointing the coach; it was more helpful still to resolve that he shouldn't add to the disappointments.

Through a megaphone the announcer was shouting to the throng of spectators in the Stadium seats: 'Pole vault, first place, Simpson, Yale; height, eleven feet, one inch. Second place, Clinton, Harvard, eleven feet. Third place, Morris, Yale, ten feet, nine and one half inches.'

Clinton had put on his wrapper and joined the group of Harvard athletes in which Baldwin, Winslow, and Hale were standing.

'Hard luck,' Baldwin said to him.

'I don't know why I couldn't make it,' Clinton mumbled in reply.

'If Frank here wins his event, you and I will have to stand him a dinner this evening,' said Winslow.

'That's fair enough. Go to it, Frank.'

Clinton's own disappointment was so great that his utterance was perfunctory rather than hearty and did not in the least disguise his lack of faith in Hale's ability.

Goodrich of Yale led off in the broad-jumping contest; Hale, following Nolan, was the last to jump. While he waited for his turn, Clinton and Winslow stood with him, and Baldwin reported to him the distance that each of his competitors had reached. It was discouraging news that he brought immediately after Nolan's first effort. 'Twenty-three feet, one inch.' That was three inches farther than any of the others had jumped, and only once in practice had Hale attained such a distance.

'Tough luck, Frank, to have to go up against that right off,' said Winslow.

Hale heard his name called. He threw off his wrapper and took his place at the starting point; then with three or four short quick steps and a sudden run he made for the take-off, struck it just right, and sprang. As he landed, he scram-

bled forward, then stood by while the measurers stretched their tape. 'Twenty-two feet, nine inches.'

Hale walked to one side, disappointed. Of the six contenders he was only fourth best on the first round. And on the second round Goodrich of Yale surpassed the best jump of any Harvard man by half an inch and went into second place, which on the first round had fallen to Wright of Harvard. Nolan fell a little short of his own first effort, but Hale jumped twenty-two feet, eleven and a quarter inches, and by that gain moved past Wright and temporarily into third place.

'Good boy!' exclaimed Baldwin. 'Now you're getting into your stride; the third try's the one!'

On the track the 220-yard dash was about to start; the spectators in the Stadium seats, unable to determine accurately what was happening in the broad jump, were giving their attention to the preparations for the race. The starter's pistol sounded just as Goodrich completed his third jump, beating Hale's by a quarter of an inch. Indifferent apparently to both the shouting of the spectators as the runners rounded the turn and to the outcome of the race, Wright made his final effort, but failed by an inch of equaling the distance that the Yale man had just attained.

Meanwhile Hale and Nolan and all the others of the group hurried to the edge of the track to see the finish of the race. A Yale man was in the lead, hard pressed by two Harvard runners who were being vociferously implored by the crowd to pass him; he had speed and stamina enough, however, to hold his place and to cross the line inches ahead of the first Harvard runner, who beat his teammate by less than a foot.

'Peach of a race!' exclaimed Winslow. 'But one more point for Yale!'

'Yes, and they'll get seven more in the broad jump!' said Clinton.

The remark reached Hale's ears.

'They will not. And I'll get that point back for Harvard,' he declared.

'That's the boy!' Baldwin squeezed his arm.

'What was that?' Clinton smiled. 'I didn't quite hear.'

Baldwin gave Clinton an angry look. And for one moment Hale wished he had withheld what was all too likely to prove a foolish boast. Then as he turned to watch Taylor of Yale make his last jump, he thought of the satisfaction it would now be to dine at Clinton's expense that evening. Into his eyes came the gleam of a hardening resolve.

Taylor failed on his third jump to qualify for a place; and Henderson of Harvard on his third

effort overstepped the take-off and likewise failed to qualify.

Then Nolan stepped out for his last try. He rushed with the speed of a sprinter and leaped.

'Twenty-three feet, two and one quarter inches,' announced the measurer.

Hale threw off his wrapper and stood at his starting mark. He glanced at the group of those who were waiting and watching; he saw the coach, who had remarked, 'Pity they can't do to-day as well as they've done in practice'; he saw Clinton, who had asked satirically, 'What was that? I didn't quite hear.' Then he ran for the take-off and, leaping out, gathered himself in air for what he was resolved should be the best jump that he had ever made; as he struck the earth he flung himself forward; the measurers stretched their tape; the group of Harvard and Yale men crowded close in anxiety.

'Twenty-three feet, two and seven-eighths inches,' called the measurers.

The Harvard men in the group shouted; Meade, the coach, put his arm around Hale's shoulders and cried, 'Two and a half inches better than you ever did before!'

Winslow and Clinton and Baldwin escorted Hale from the field.

'I don't believe you'd have done any better

if you'd had Tom and me laid out for you to land on,' said Winslow.

'I might,' Hale answered, 'especially if it had been Tom.'

'I admit one thing,' Clinton said. 'After making the best jump of your life, you're entitled to the best dinner you ever ate. That right, Steve?'

'Sure. And, seeing you won your event, Jack, we'll invite you to join us, free of charge.'

'I'll come,' said Baldwin. 'I have some appetite.'

Clinton groaned. 'Steve, you're reckless, asking such a gross feeder. This evening will cost us money.'

'It should,' said Baldwin serenely. 'You deserve to be punished for your lack of faith.'

'THAT'S enough, Brill,' said the coach. 'Your turn now, Speare.'

Joe Speare picked out a bat from the collection of a dozen or more that were lying on the ground and took his place in front of the net. He was glad that in the batting practice to-day, when he was to be directly under Coach Murray's eye, he was to confront Nichols and not Whitney. All the other members of the squad thought that Nichols was the more effective pitcher of the two, but Speare faced him with a confidence that he never felt when he stepped forward to bat against the left-handed Whitney.

He stood now, a chunky, firmly set youth, leaning forward a little, his bat motionless against his right shoulder. The first ball went wide; Speare watched it without moving. The second he stepped forward to meet; he swung his bat with a free and easy shoulder swing — the follow-through motion of the natural batsman. The ball sped on a line over the pitcher's head, a clean, hard hit to center field.

The coach waved to Nichols to come in. 'Whitney, you pitch to Speare.'

While Whitney walked out to take his posi-

tion, Speare moved and swung his bat restlessly. It was an ill omen that Murray should have called for this change of pitchers; Speare knew now that the coach meant to give him a thorough testing, and in the few moments between the last ball that Nichols had pitched and the first ball that Whitney pitched, his mental attitude underwent a change. Confidence gave place to self-distrust.

Whitney was tall, and when he raised his arms at full length above his head preparatory to pitching his whole aspect was intimidating. Yet he was really a mediocre pitcher; he had not Nichols's speed or curves, and he was never the first choice for an important game. Now he was as much pleased by this assignment as Speare was disturbed by it; he had found that for some reason Speare, who had no dread of other pitchers, disliked to face him, and the discovery had elated him. He hoped that the coach would be duly impressed by his ability to baffle one of the best hitters on the nine.

The first ball came, cutting the inside corner of the plate; Speare drew back from it without striking. The second ball was a swift straight one over the middle of the plate; Speare swung at it but at the same time stepped away from it with his left foot; he popped a fly up into the air. Whitney pitched a dozen times to him; not once

did he hit the ball cleanly, and each time he 'flinched' with his left foot — stepped away as if fearing that the ball might hit him.

Murray made no comment, but sent in another batter, Tom Blake, for his turn of practice. Whitney's satisfaction was short-lived; Blake stepped out at the ball, swung at it in a hearty and forthright manner, and hit one line drive after another.

'Good work, Blake,' Murray said as he signaled that the batting practice was at an end. 'You step into it in good style.'

Speare knew that the comment was a rebuke to himself as well as a compliment to Blake. He couldn't 'step into it' when Whitney or any other left-handed fellow was pitching.

He went into the Locker Building and took a shower; while he was dressing, the coach came and sat down on a bench in front of him.

'Speare,' said Murray, 'what's the reason you always shy with that left foot when you go up against a left-handed pitcher? You never do it against a right-hander.'

'It's psychological, I guess. My last year at Andover I got beaned one day in a practice game. A left-handed fellow was pitching and one of his shoots caught me beside the ear and knocked me out. I was unconscious for several hours; some of the fellows were afraid I'd never

come out of it. When I did I remembered just how the pitcher had thrown that last ball; the motions and everything seemed photographed on my mind. And when I went out to play ball again, I lost my nerve completely as soon as I stood up against a left-handed pitcher.'

'That was four years ago? And you've never been able to get it back?'

'I try and try, but the moment a left-hander shoots in a fast one, I simply have to draw away.'

'Unfortunately, Yale's best pitcher this year is left-handed.'

'Yes. I know that only too well.'

'You've played against Allen, have you?'

'Not lately.'

Murray gave Speare a questioning glance, wondering why he was so uncommunicative; then the explanation flashed upon his mind.

'Allen prepared for Yale at Andover, I remember. So you and he must have been in the same class there.'

'Yes. That's where I played against him.'

'And he was the left-handed pitcher that beaned you?'

Speare nodded reluctantly.

'I can't see that you'd be a very fit person to stand up to him now. This phobia of yours would probably be worse with him pitching than with Whitney or any other left-hander.'

'SPEARE,' SAID MURRAY, 'WHAT'S THE REASON YOU ALWAYS SHY WITH THAT LEFT FOOT WHEN YOU GO UP AGAINST A LEFT-HANDED PITCHER?'

'I'll try my best to get over it.'

'If you do get over it, I'll give you a chance. But unless you do, I can't put you into any game in which Allen pitches.'

Speare assured the coach again that he meant to conquer his weakness. But as the days went by and he still shrank from the balls that Whitney or any other left-handed pitcher served to him, he reluctantly admitted that he had less control over his own actions than a well-balanced athlete should have. He could accept with no great sense of disappointment his retirement to the substitutes' bench in any game in which the Harvard nine were opposed by a left-handed pitcher; he was still the regular center fielder of the nine in all other games and had a batting average second only to that of Marsden, the captain. And in the last two weeks before graduation from college he had enough to think about besides baseball. Nevertheless, the sense that at times an irrational fear dominated him shook his self-confidence.

As his father and mother were coming on from the west for the week of his graduation, he hoped that Yale would start its right-handed pitcher, Farrell, in the game at Cambridge — as in that case he would play in that game, and it would be a satisfaction to his family to see him taking part. But the Yale plan of strategy did

not fall in with his wishes. Farrell pitched in the first game, which was played in New Haven, and which Yale hoped to win on the home grounds with its second-best pitcher. It was a wild and turbulent game, full of errors and hard hitting and reckless base-running; Speare distinguished himself at the bat by knocking out two singles and a three-base hit and bringing in four runs; but Harvard lost by a score of 13 to 9. Whitney pitched for Harvard most of the game, and when he was finally driven from the box it was Deland, the third-string pitcher, and not Nichols, the first choice, who relieved him. Murray's strategy was the reverse of that adopted by the Yale coach; Murray wanted to make sure of victory on the home grounds and was saving his best pitcher for that game.

On the morning after the game in New Haven, Speare met his father and mother at the station in Boston and accompanied them to Cambridge. They had read the newspaper account of Yale's victory, but as their son had been praised for his hard hitting and good fielding they were not unduly cast down. 'We hope to see you line them out again this afternoon, Joe,' said his father. 'And if you can produce a home run at the right moment instead of a three-bagger, you will probably hear an old bald-headed man bellowing above all the rest.'

'Not a chance,' Joe answered gloomily. 'I'll see the game this afternoon from the dug-out.'

'Why is that?'

The explanation affected the parents differently. Mr. Speare thought it ridiculous that his son had not been able to recover from the scare that an injury received four years before had given him. 'I shouldn't have supposed you were the sort of fellow that gets hipped on himself.'

Mrs. Speare came to her son's defense. 'It's the most natural thing in the world he should feel as he does! After being almost killed! I think he's shown good courage in going on playing ball and doing as well at it as he has.'

'Yes, of course,' her husband admitted. 'I didn't mean to say anything disparaging, Joe. But I'd been looking forward to seeing you distinguish yourself in this game, and now to hear you're not going to play — it's something of a jolt.'

'I only wish I could. But the coach feels that the bench is the place for me whenever a left-handed pitcher comes along — and I can't really quarrel with his judgment.'

'Since it's the same pitcher that nearly killed him four years ago, I'm relieved to know that he's not going to play,' said Mrs. Speare.

'I'd rather see him go in and take his revenge

by batting Allen all over the lot,' grumbled Mr. Speare.

That afternoon when the preliminary batting and fielding practice ended, Speare took his seat with the substitutes. He looked wistfully out to center field, where Ted Cordell was standing, feet wide apart and hands on hips. Cordell was a good fielder, but he had never shone at the bat; it did seem an ironical stroke of fate that, because of his own occasional weakness, one who was an invariably poor hitter should supplant him in the great game of the year. Speare felt that perhaps with all the inspiration that this game would have afforded, with the brass band, the singing, the cheering of the thousands of graduates and undergraduates, and most of all the presence of his mother and father among the spectators, he might have forgotten his foolish fear and stood up to Allen's pitching with as much confidence as if he had never suffered from it. And as the game proceeded and for inning after inning the Harvard nine was blanked by reason of Allen's baffling speed and curves, Speare, sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, grew more and more tense, more and more desperate in repressing his desire to take part in the struggle. For struggle it was, with Nichols holding Yale at bay just as Allen was holding Harvard.

Five scoreless innings passed; then on a hit, an error, a bunt and a long sacrifice fly Yale made a run. In the seventh inning Yale added another run, through a two-base hit to left field and a single to center; Harvard in its half of what all its supporters had hoped would be its lucky inning went out in one, two, three order. Yale failed to score in the eighth; then Harvard put forth an effort that evoked frenzied cheering. Cordell, the first man up, was out on a high foul to the third baseman. Then Brill, the fleetest runner on the nine, bunted towards third base and beat the throw to first. A moment later he stole second, sliding round just out of reach of the Yale shortstop, who had received a perfect throw from the catcher. He seemed likely to remain there, for Nichols struck out. But then Davis, the Harvard left fielder, who had made one of the three safe hits so far to the credit of the team, lined the ball over second base, and Brill, running his fleetest, came home. On the throw in from center field Davis went down to second; a hookslide saved him as it had saved Brill, and the Harvard stands were a tumult of shouting, hat-waving graduates and undergraduates, and of fluttering young ladies. Then, with the Harvard band playing 'On to Victory,' Marsden, the captain of the nine, walked to the plate. He waited until two balls and two

strikes had been called on him; then he swung hard and sent a long low fly to left field. From the Harvard stands again a mighty shout arose, but it was premature; the Yale left fielder turned and ran; still running at full speed he raised his gloved hand at arm's length and made the catch. Even the disappointed Harvard throng could not withhold the tribute of applause after such a brilliant play.

'That fellow Evans that did that was with me at Andover,' Speare muttered to Whitney. 'He almost came to Harvard — switched at the last moment.'

'It would have made some difference if he and Allen had entered Harvard instead of Yale,' remarked Whitney.

'If they only had!' Speare sat forward again with his chin on his hands.

Yale's last effort to increase its score was unproductive; Nichols, if he had faltered in the eighth, had regained his courage and control; he struck out the first batter; the next two sent up easy flies.

'Now, then, everybody up, and the regular Harvard cheer,' shouted the cheer leader, as the Harvard nine came in from the field. 'We've got to tie the score; we've *got* to tie the score. Let's go, everybody!'

One Harvard cheer followed upon another;

the spectators, standing, showed no inclination to resume their seats. The steady, prolonged cheering at this last crisis of a hotly contested game could not but test the Yale pitcher's nerves. Mills, the first man up, received a base on balls. The cheering increased in volume, and the brass bands brayed loudly. Allen faced Cole, the next batter, with determination.

'Ball one!' cried the umpire, and the spectators renewed their roar of applause.

'Ball two!' The bands brayed, and the shouting increased.

'Strike one!' There was sudden silence.

On the next pitched ball, Cole bunted toward first base. He was thrown out, but on the play Mills reached second. Again there was uproar from the Harvard stands; and again in double volume when Proctor hit a swift grounder which the Yale second baseman fumbled just long enough to allow him to make first safely. With men on first and second, only one out, the spectators shouting and yelling, the bands braying discordantly, Allen displayed signs of nervousness. He rubbed the ball repeatedly against his trousers, shook his head negatively to a signal from the catcher, left his position to hold a conference with him, and then returned to dawdle about for a few moments while the din raised by the Harvard supporters went on

unceasingly. Judson, who had made a clean single to right field the last time he had been at bat, stood at the plate.

The first pitched ball went wide, the second also. The yelling of the crowd continued incessantly, the runners on first and second capered about in a manner that seemed to distract the pitcher, who looked from one to another uncertainly, made as if to throw, and then thought better of it. He was losing his control; Judson, after one strike had been called on him, drew a base on balls. The bases were filled, there was only one out, and in the continuous din of brass bands and wildly yelling spectators, Murray touched Speare's shoulder and with an odd smile said, 'You bat now instead of Cordell.'

Startled, but eager, Speare rose and picked up a bat. His heart was thumping too hard; as he walked to the plate he swung the bat, limbering up his shoulder muscles; suddenly the tenseness which had held his nerves during the last two innings passed from them; he stood in the batter's box, exhilarated, confident, aware that all his foolish fears of left-handed pitchers was forever gone, watching Allen with keen, steady eyes.

Allen, turning the ball over and over in his hands, looked at Speare. His expression was harassed and denoted uncertainty of mind. Speare, swinging his bat and leaning out and

forward, 'crowded' the plate as closely as the rules permitted him to do.

'Ball one!' signaled the umpire, as the first ball went wide of the plate.

The yelling reached for a moment a higher pitch, then continued on its maddening level, to rise again when the umpire signaled, 'Ball two!' Out beyond the foul line in left field, a substitute Yale pitcher was warming up. Marsden, standing behind first base, and Nichols, standing behind third, to coach the runners, kept shouting to Speare, 'Wait them out, Joe; wait them out! That's the boy!'

'Ball three!' cried the umpire, and the noise from the stands was deafening.

Speare knew now that Allen, unnerved, did not dare to pitch close to him and hard. So he continued to crowd the plate and lean over it, and all the while he was wishing that he might have a strike called on him and then receive a ball that he would be free to hit.

But on four balls he took his base, the tying run came in, and Allen was withdrawn from the pitcher's box. Brill, the next batter up, stood by while the relief pitcher threw practice balls across the plate to the catcher; then to a renewed outburst from bands and spectators he stepped into position.

'Ball one!' signalled the umpire, and again in

the stands swelled the sounds of rejoicing. Then a strike was called; the third ball Brill hit safely between shortstop and third base, the winning run came in amidst frantic yelling and waving of hats and flags; and at once the crowd began to pour down from the seats and spread out upon the field.

Speare had started to run on the hit; when he saw Cole cross the plate, he continued on to the Locker Building, and was the first member of the nine to enter it. He was glad that Harvard had won and that he had reëstablished his confidence against left-handed pitchers; but he felt no wild elation over the outcome — such as he had felt at times on witnessing Harvard victories in which he himself had taken no part. To be sure, he had taken little enough part in this one; it was nothing to look back on with any special pride; but the real reason for his very moderate sense of satisfaction lay in a feeling that Harvard had not won the game on its merits. And when the other members of the nine entered and began to talk, it was apparent enough that in spite of a certain glow of cheerfulness there was little jubilation over the victory. Only the coach, Murray, was radiant; he moved about, congratulating the various players; he said, 'Now, boys, we'll put the finishing touches on them next Saturday.'

'You want to remember, though, fellows,' Marsden said somewhat dryly, 'at Fenway Park we shan't get the same assistance from the bleachers.'

'Boys, you won't need it,' Murray declared. 'You've got their number.'

He came over to Speare and clapped him on the shoulder. 'Surprised you a little, didn't it, when I sent you in to bat?'

Speare nodded.

'Psychology.' Murray's eyes twinkled; his expression was one of shrewdness and self-satisfaction. 'I figured it out this way; Allen was just on the verge of breaking; he needed just a push to send him over the edge. And then it flashed on me if you stepped up when he was in that nervous state he wouldn't dare to put the ball near you for fear of beaning you again. I felt he had that kind of a temperament. Was I right?'

'I guess you were,' Speare replied, soberly.

'And the way you stepped up and crowded the plate, instead of shying with that left foot — it worked to a charm! You'll have no more terror of left-handers, after to-day.'

'No. I'm sure of that.'

'Good boy!' Murray clapped him again on the shoulder and passed on.

A few minutes later, as Speare was leaving

the dressing-room, he encountered Allen in the corridor. It was their first meeting in four years — except for the few moments that they had faced each other that afternoon on the ball field.

'Hello, Joe,' said Allen, and 'Hello, Paul,' said Speare; and they shook hands.

'You pitched a mighty good game, Paul, even if the breaks did go against you.'

'Well, not too good,' Allen responded.

'So good that I bet they put you in for the third game.'

Allen shrugged his shoulders. 'If they do, I'll try not to bean you, Joe. You know, I've never really got over that.'

'Why, you ought never to have thought of it again. Just one of those accidents that have to happen once in a while. I wish our crowd had behaved a little more decently; we all of us wish that.'

'Oh, that was nothing — nothing more than what has often happened to you fellows on Yale Field. I ought to have shown better nerve.'

'Well — I'll see you again next Saturday.'

'Sure thing. Glad to have had this glimpse of you, Joe.'

Speare walked away from the Locker Building, less elated than ever over the victory. He had always liked Paul Allen at Andover, even

without being at all intimate with him; the brief talk had revived and somehow strengthened that liking. Murray had been shrewd enough, sending him in at just the moment when the memories that his appearance would arouse would be most shattering to Allen's nerves. And of course he himself had done the right thing, crowding the plate and making it all the more difficult for the pitcher to keep control. But on the other hand, to take advantage of Allen's remorse and horror over an involuntary act, as it now appeared he had done — it was one of those things that a fellow didn't enjoy thinking about afterwards.

His father and mother appeared to have little enthusiasm over Harvard's victory.

'I've seen professional games where the crowd showed a more sportsmanlike spirit,' observed Mr. Speare.

'You've got to remember, Father, that there are a lot of graduates back for their class reunions and they all have a better time if they see a victory. And the same sort of thing usually happens in the game at Yale, so it's about a stand-off. The crowd yells because it helps them to have a good time — not because they're really unsportsmanlike.'

'It's a poor way to win a game, however you explain it.'

'Yes, but you mustn't blame the crowd too much. You see, the graduates are all back to have a big time — you saw the different classes marching to the game in costume, with brass bands; they're all out for excitement and jubilation and noise. Probably if you were a Harvard graduate, Father, you'd have put on a green coat and white trousers and yelled your head off with the rest of your classmates while the Yale pitcher went up in the air.'

'I would not!'

'No, Joe, I'm sure your father wouldn't,' said Mrs. Speare. 'I shouldn't have let him.'

Mr. and Mrs. Speare were present at the graduation exercises on Commencement and saw their son bear away the roll of parchment tied up with red ribbon which signified he was now a Bachelor of Arts. The next day they accompanied him to New London, where from seats in an observation train they witnessed an exciting boat race that ended in a Yale victory. After the race they bade their son good-bye for a few days and took a train going west; five minutes later he took one going east, returning to play the last act in his life as a college student.

They played the final game, not on the college baseball field, but on neutral ground — at Fenway Park, in Boston. The setting was altogether different from that in which the preceding

game with Yale had taken place. The grandstand, larger and more remote from the diamond, was only half filled with spectators; the bleachers in left field and right field were vacant. There were no cheer leaders with megaphones; there were no brass bands. Contrasted with the partisanship shown in the last game, the air of the spectators seemed one of indifference. Of course the gathering was almost entirely pro-Harvard, but it was pro-Harvard in a quiet, restrained, impartial manner. It cheered the good plays by Yale men as heartily as it did the good plays by Harvard men; and when in the fifth inning Yale took the lead on a home-run hit with two men on bases that made the score 4 to 2, whatever disappointment the spectators felt did not prevent many of them from applauding the home-run hitter as he crossed the plate.

Allen was pitching for Yale, and except for the first inning, in which Harvard scored two runs, he had been pitching effectively. Speare had come to bat in that inning, with one out and men on second and third, and had been aware instantly of the discomfort with which Allen faced him. Making the most of his advantage, Speare crowded the plate. A ball that was slow and wide went by; then another. The third pitched ball was straight and was called a strike. Speare gauged the fourth correctly — a slow ball

curving in toward the plate — and lined it safely to center field. Two runs came in, and a substitute Yale pitcher left the bench and began to warm up. But Allen struck out the next two Harvard batters, and thereafter held the Harvard nine scoreless. Three more times in the next seven innings Speare faced him, and each time Speare realized that Allen's confidence was increasing. The pitcher no longer offered Speare only slow wide-curving balls, or swift straight ones; he mixed up with them that dangerous 'shoot' that seemed to make straight for the batter and suddenly swerved and sped in front of him across the plate. It was Allen's command of that ball that was proving most puzzling to the Harvard hitters; it had been a ball of that sort, not well controlled, which four years ago, had stretched Speare senseless. To see it coming at him again with even deadlier speed taxed his newly won courage, but he did not flinch; in the third inning he made his second single, only to be left on base; in the sixth, he was thrown out at first by the Yale short-stop.

When Harvard went to bat in the last half of the ninth, the score was still 4 to 2 in favor of Yale. Mills, the first man up, hit a slow bounding ball which the Yale shortstop fumbled; it seemed for a few moments as if the spectators might try to repeat the tactics which had been

so successful in the previous game. But Cole's pop fly which the first baseman caught offered no encouragement to them. Proctor made a lucky little hit; the ball rolled slowly along the third base line, Mills went to second, and Proctor was safe on first. Judson advanced Mills and Proctor on his long sacrifice fly to right field. With men on second and third and two out, Speare walked to the plate. Murray's words, as he had picked out his bat, were in his ears: 'You're just the man to face Allen now; the game is yours.' The spectators were silent and tense; Speare took his position, stamped with his right foot to settle himself firmly, and then, leaning forward, fixed his eyes on Allen and crowded the plate.

Allen's jaw was set, his eyes flashed; on his face there was no sign now of nervousness. His first ball came spinning close in to the batter, who straightened and leaned back to let it pass. It sped over the plate. 'Strike!' called the umpire. In that moment Speare realized that Allen had conquered his fear no less completely than he himself had done, and that there was to be no easy gift now of a base on balls. He set himself resolutely to meet the challenge. He bent forward awaiting the second ball; he must not let himself be fooled by that formidable shoot again. The second was such another as the first;

Speare swung at it and fouled it. With two strikes now against him, and no balls, he seemed at the pitcher's mercy. He was conscious of the stir in the grandstand, the people leaving their seats, as if the game were already over. Now if he could only swing his bat full against that ball! The ball came, straight for the plate, but swerved suddenly and passed outside it. Speare had not been tempted to strike, nor was he tempted by the next, which was one of the same sort. Now with two balls and two strikes he had a fair chance to outguess the pitcher. And when the next ball came at him waist high, he did not draw back; he stepped forward and met it with his bat just as it took its sudden outward shoot; he met it full and hard and saw it streak back harder then it had come, surely the winning hit. Allen flung up his gloved hand; the impact of the ball against the glove was as sharply audible as had been the impact of it against the bat. And there stuck the ball, firmly clasped in the pitcher's gloved hand.

Disappointed as the spectators were, they lingered to applaud. And the first of all the players on the field to reach Allen and shake his gloved hand was Speare.

'You robbed me; your nerve was too good; your eye was too quick; you robbed us!' Speare said.

Allen grinned happily and muttered something about luck.

Walking from the field with Brill and Nichols, Speare repeated his remark that Allen had robbed Harvard of the game. They agreed; and then Speare added, 'I must say though that if any one had to be robbed to-day it was our turn to suffer.'

THE DROPPED OARSMAN

AFTER supper Fred Osborne attached himself tc an impromptu glee club that sat on the steps of the dormitory and sang under Bill Dunham's leadership. He knew the words of only two songs, but he moved his mouth and made sounds in tune with the real singers, and he felt that he was contributing somewhat to the general agreeable effect.

At last the dusk of the long May evening settled down, and with it a chill that made further lingering on the stone steps uncomfortable. The members of the group separated and walked away in various directions. Joe Speare remained for a few moments holding Osborne in conversation.

'How's Willis coming on with his crew?' Speare asked.

'All right, I guess. Why?'

'I just wondered. I think it was quite a disappointment to Rockwell that he wasn't elected captain.'

'No reason for him to be disappointed. Willis was made temporary captain a month ago; it was natural that when it came time to elect he should be chosen.'

'Yes, but Rockwell had been kept on the 'Varsity squad all that time and was the last fellow to be dropped from it. He's the best oar now in the Sophomore boat, and he's disappointed.'

'Not so much, I guess, as Dan Kelly.'

'Of course Kelly couldn't hope to hold his seat when Rockwell was a candidate for it.'

'No, but he probably thought that Rockwell would be kept on the 'Varsity and that he would hold his seat.'

A few minutes later when Osborne went to his room he found Willis, his roommate, working on a thesis. But Willis seemed to want to talk. 'The boat went rottenly again this afternoon,' he said. 'It's been going rottenly — ever since Jim Rockwell got into it.'

'Why is that? I supposed he'd be a great addition.'

'You would think so. But he isn't.'

'What's the trouble with him? Sorehead?'

'That's the only way I can account for it. Of course it was a blow to him, being dropped from the 'Varsity; I suppose it's taken the heart out of him.'

'Still he's a good oar and has plenty of strength; why shouldn't he be useful?'

'No reason at all, except that he hasn't the right spirit. I told him after the practice this

afternoon that if he couldn't buck up and do better I'd have to take him out and put Dan Kelly back in his place.'

'You had your nerve with you — a fellow that's been rowing with the 'Varsity all the spring! How did he take it?'

'Not too well. Looked sour and said nothing.'

Osborne pondered a moment. 'Joe Speare's quite a friend of Rockwell's; he was asking me just now how you were getting on with your crew. Sort of hinted that things might be better if Rockwell were captain.'

Willis gave the suggestion some thought. 'I wonder if they would be. I think Rockwell's the kind of fellow who does his best work only when he's IT. But whether the others would do their best if he was IT — I'm not so sure.'

'I'm sure they wouldn't. If they'd wanted Rockwell as captain they'd have elected him and not you. Don't do anything so foolish as to resign in his favor.'

'I won't do that, because I think the crew don't like the way he's been loafing in the practice. He not only doesn't do well himself, but he prevents the others from doing well. So I think they wouldn't have him as captain now at any price.'

The suggestion that Rockwell had wanted to be captain and thought he should have been

elected to that position seemed to Willis to explain that lack of earnestness that he had been showing; Rockwell's talk and laughter had been not wholly good-natured; there had been sometimes a note of mockery that Willis had found irritating.

So at the boathouse, the day after the talk with Osborne, Willis was prepared to meet any challenge that Rockwell might offer. The rowing practice was scheduled for three o'clock; at two minutes of three all the other members of the crew were in their rowing clothes, but Rockwell had not yet appeared. At one minute of three he burst into the locker room and began tossing off his garments and at the same time offering a glib and, as it seemed to Willis, a satirical explanation.

'Sorry to be late, Cap,' — he was the only one to use this appellation in addressing the captain — 'but I seem to have to spend a lot of time these days setting my superiors right about things. Had to stop after math this afternoon to show old Hodges he'd got my mark for the period since the mid-years all wrong; had the dickens of a time doing it too — stubborn old beggar. Took me twenty minutes instead of ten — the old guy is dull as well as stubborn.'

'You succeeded with him, did you?' asked Willis.

'Only give me time and I'll succeed with any one,' boasted Rockwell as he slid into his rowing shirt. 'I asked him how when a fellow had got nothing but B's and C's on his work a C minus could be handed to him. First he said I had missed some of the work. I had to prove to him he was wrong there. Then — the old guy is shifty as well as dull and stubborn — he was sure I had been absent from some of the recitations. I had to prove to him that when I had been absent I had been excused. Then he thought possibly my general attitude towards the work had been such — but I put it to him as a problem in elementary mathematics that two B's plus two C's couldn't equal a C minus, and then he gave in. So now, Cap, all is right with the world, and I'm here to row to beat the band.' He took his place by the shell, ready to lift it, to get it into the water.

'That's easier than beating the other crews on the river,' responded Willis dryly.

'Why so glum?' inquired Rockwell, but Willis, busy now in superintending the getting of the shell into the water, made no answer. Rockwell then said over his shoulder to King and Melvin and Davis, the three bow men, 'He must be grouchy because I was a bit late.'

Willis heard the comment and felt that it was unfair; he had not been grouchy; he had not

reproved Rockwell for being late, and he had smiled at his yarn even while suspecting that it was slightly malicious in intent. But Willis took his duties as captain seriously; he believed in discipline and hard work, and, although in the dressing room before and after practice he joined in the joking and the laughter, he frowned on anything of that sort from the moment the shell was lifted to be placed in the water until the moment when it was lifted out to be laid on its rack in the boathouse.

This afternoon Rockwell seemed perversely bent on defying the spirit of grim earnestness which Willis had been striving to instill into his crew. Rowing lazily himself, yet smoothly, he caused the three men behind him to be late at the beginning of their stroke. Mason, the senior and 'Varsity substitute who was coaching the crew and acting that day as coxswain, kept shouting to 3 and 2 and 1 that they were late, that they were rushing their slides. Now and then he called to 4, who was Rockwell, to put more snap into it. Finally Rockwell, when they were resting between stretches, called out:

'Cap, I think this crew might get the rhythm better if we all sang that good old Eton rowing song:

"Swing, swing together,
With your belly between your knees."'

King, at 3, guffawed. Melvin, at 2, corrected Rockwell.

'It's "body," not "belly"!'

'Beg pardon if I've offended any one's sensibilities. I ought to have known that no Eton oarsman ever has a belly.'

'Cut out the comedy and get back to work,' commanded Willis.

Rockwell groaned, a burlesque sigh of endurance and resignation. The work on the next stretch was more ragged than ever, and both Willis and the coach were aware that the seat of the trouble was at number 4.

At the end of the practice captain and coach stood talking together on the float after the others had gone into the dressing-room. The conference was brief; Willis turned from it thoughtfully and did not join in the laughter and joking in the shower-room or in the dressing-room afterwards. To Rockwell, who had been the most boisterous talker, he said when he had an opportunity, 'Wait for me, won't you? I want to have a word with you.'

Rockwell shot a keen glance at Willis from his dark eyes, which instantly lost their sparkle. 'All right,' he said quietly.

Willis was more leisurely than usual in dressing; by the time that he had finished every one else except Rockwell had departed. Outside the

boathouse he took Rockwell's arm and walked with him slowly.

'I'm sorry, Rockwell,' he said. 'The coach thinks that the boat isn't going so well as when Kelly was in it, and I agree with him. I hate to ask you to get out, but for some reason we do better with a poorer oar in your place.'

Rockwell flushed with chagrin. 'You don't make many allowances, do you — you don't give a fellow much of a chance?'

'The race comes in another week; we can't afford to give you more of a chance.'

Rockwell was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'What in your opinion is the trouble with me?'

'Rowing at 7, of course I can't see what the trouble is.'

'You seem able though to pin it on me. So you must have some definite idea.'

'Well, for one thing, you haven't seemed enough in earnest, and that has affected some of the other fellows.'

'You think I've shown a poor spirit?'

'It's not fair to put it that way.'

'Still that's what you do think.' Rockwell spoke reflectively rather than bitterly. 'Of course it was quite a jolt to me — being dropped from the 'Varsity. I had thought I stood a good

chance of making it. But there's no use in trying to explain.'

'Perhaps the trouble there was the same as it is now,' suggested Willis. 'Perhaps you just didn't seem to care quite enough, or try quite hard enough.'

Rockwell laughed ironically. 'Oh, perhaps. I'm no mind-reader.'

'Dan Kelly is not a good oar,' continued Willis, 'but he's a worker. Since he was dropped to the position of substitute, he's been out every day, in either a single or a pair oar, rowing just as conscientiously as ever. In fact he's probably rowed more miles in this last week than the rest of us have.'

'I get the point,' Rockwell replied. 'He didn't let down under discouragement and disappointment the way some one else did. I thank you.'

'I didn't mean any offense. I think you're oversensitive.'

'Because I don't care for the hint that I'm a quitter and a sorehead?'

'I haven't called you anything of the sort. You insisted on knowing why I thought the boat didn't go well with you in it, and I've told you. Now, do you honestly think that, if you'd been captain, you'd have behaved just as you have done ever since you've been in the boat?'

Rockwell laughed again, ironically. 'So that's

it! You think that I've been sore because I wasn't elected captain, and that I've been loafing on that account!'

'What else am I to think when one of your friends comes to my roommate and tells him the crew would go better if you were captain?'

'I'm not responsible for what my fool friends may say. Who made that remark?'

'I shouldn't have repeated it; I'm sorry.'

'Who said it?'

'Joe Speare.'

'And you thought I'd put him up to it!' Rockwell's eyes flashed indignantly.

'I didn't think there was anything very bad in the suggestion,' Willis declared. 'It just seemed to explain what had been hard to understand.'

They had reached Claverly Hall, where Rockwell lived. He put his foot on the step and then turned.

'There are some things, Willis,' he remarked acidly, 'that it will always be hard for you to understand.'

Willis continued on his way to Westmorly, wondering what Rockwell had meant. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he might have been unjust to Rockwell, yet he thought that everything he had done and said had been warranted.

Rockwell vented the ill temper in which the talk with Willis had left him on Joe Speare. He walked into Speare's room, which was next to his own, and began immediately to upbraid his startled friend for meddling with his affairs and carrying groundless, trouble-making tales about him.

'I thought it might help!' pleaded the perturbed Speare. 'I'm sure I didn't put it in such a way that any one would think it came from you!'

'Well, it's just what they did think. And now I'm out of the boat ——'

'I'll just go and tell Willis ——' Speare began desperately, starting for the door. Rockwell intercepted him.

'No, you won't say a word to Willis or anybody else. What's done is done, and more talk will only make more trouble.'

'I'm sorry, Jim. I'm terribly sorry.' Speare's woebegone expression and attitude of dejection had a mollifying effect.

'It's all right; it didn't really make any difference, Joe. I'd have been dropped anyway. But I was just so mad I had to take it out on some one — and you were such a stupid old goat — weren't you?' Rockwell rumpled his friend's hair affectionately.

'I know I was — and Willis was just small

enough to fire you because of what I said! I feel as if everybody ought to know the truth about it ——'

'Don't you talk any more on the subject to any one,' Rockwell warned sternly. 'Besides, I don't believe Willis was especially influenced by what you said. The boat wasn't going well with me in it; he thinks it will go better with Kelly in it. He's perfectly justified in making the change, and I don't want you or any other friend of mine to go round complaining about it.'

With those words Rockwell left Speare to unsatisfying meditation. His own reflections were not more rewarding. His actions had been misinterpreted, and he was both too proud and too diffident to try now to explain them. In attempting to conceal his disappointment and chagrin at being dropped from the 'Varsity crew, he had adopted an air of levity which had reacted unfavorably on the members of the class crew; if only they could have had intelligence enough to perceive that his assumed airy indifference did not imply inability to settle down to hard and earnest effort! But Willis had no imagination, and the other fellows on the crew would all accept Willis's notions. They would all think he was a poor sport, unwilling to work for the class crew after being dropped from the 'Varsity.

The next afternoon instead of playing tennis, as he had thought he should do, he found himself irresistibly drawn again to the river. He waited until he was sure that the oarsmen had all arrived at the boathouse; then he hastened down to the bridge which overlooked the float and walked back and forth on it, watching the various crews that put forth and rowed away. Finally the Sophomore crew emerged carrying their craft; Rockwell stepped back from the parapet, in order that he might not be seen; but presently interest overcame his shyness, and he leaned over and looked down on the fellows as they drew away from the float. He followed them with an intent and critical eye; the four men in the stern were well together, but the work of the others was ragged, and its unevenness was mostly due to the difficulties that Dan Kelly was having at number 4.

Rockwell felt a fresh bitterness both of self-reproach and of accusation against Willis. He could have done so much better than Kelly if he had only been given time to adjust himself to the new situation. He could have done so much better than Kelly if he had only been willing immediately to adjust himself to the new situation. In his consciousness of that fact lay the self-reproach.

The sight of all the crews out on the river

made more acute the sense of loss, of emptiness, that he had felt ever since his dismissal. Yet he did not want to turn away from it; instead, he walked along the river bank towards Boston, taking a melancholy pleasure in observing fellows who were happily doing what he most wanted to do. And as he watched them his critical interest in their efforts became active, and his sense of unhappiness less oppressive. When the 'Varsity boat swept by and he saw how smoothly it ran, how harmonious was the flashing rhythm of the oars, it seemed to have a tranquilizing, cheering effect on his spirits. And when a few moments later the Juniors, who were regarded as the poorest of the class crews, came splashing up the river, their boat checking badly between strokes and their coxswain bawling out condemnation of first one man and then another, he quite forgot his own troubles in his quick-eyed analysis of theirs.

So he continued on his walk until finally he came to the Esplanade on the Boston side of the Basin; and there he was able again to observe the Sophomore crew, which was rowing not far out from the sea-wall. Dan Kelly at 4 was receiving the greater part of the coxswain's attention: 'You're late, 4, you're always late! Get your oar into the water! Don't clip!'

Watching with attentive and practiced eyes,

Rockwell was able now to see why Kelly was always late, why he always 'clipped.' It ought to be possible to cure him of that fault, he thought; and if Kelly were cured of it, what a superb oarsman he would be, with his power and reach and determination!

Soon the crew disappeared beyond Harvard Bridge, and then Rockwell turned his steps homeward. The glimpse of Kelly laboring so doggedly and yet so unsuccessfully at his oar had started a new train of thought in his mind; and by the time that he had reached his room in Claverly he was eager to test the plan that had come to him. But at the moment all that he could do was to look up Dan Kelly's address in the college directory.

After supper he climbed three flights of stairs in Little and knocked on the door of Kelly's room. 'Come in,' called a voice, and Rockwell entered.

Kelly rose from his desk and greeted the visitor without much cordiality. He was a stalwart, black-haired youth, no taller or straighter than Rockwell; his chin suggested pugnacity, and his eyes, narrowed a little as they looked at Rockwell, expressed suspicion. It was apparent that to his mind this unlooked-for visit from the man whom he had displaced would not be pleasant.

'Won't you sit down?' he said, but he did not push forward a chair.

'Thanks; I will for a moment if you're not too busy.' Rockwell seated himself, and Kelly, with some reluctance, did likewise. 'I felt a little sore at being thrown out of the boat yesterday,' Rockwell proceeded. He saw that Kelly's jaw stiffened. 'But I realize the boat wasn't going well with me in it, and I've no complaint to make.' He paused and noted the relaxing of Kelly's severe expression. 'You know, Kelly, I don't want to see our crew licked just because I'm not rowing.'

'I suppose not,' Kelly said.

'I'd like to help a little — if you care to give me a chance. I was watching you row to-day when they were yelling at you for being late, and I believe I know what the trouble is. I may not be a useful oarsman myself, but I think my eye is pretty well trained now to see what is wrong with another fellow's rowing.'

'If you could show me my fault so that I could understand and correct it, I certainly should be obliged to you. They bawl me out for clipping and being late, but the more I try to be exact with the man in front of me the worse I seem to get.'

Rockwell got out of the chair and seated himself on a stool.

'This is the way you row.' He went through the motions. 'Your back is fine and all that, and you've got lots of power, but your shoulders are rigid; you don't get the perfectly continuous flow of motion that you ought to have. What you need is more play with your shoulders at the full reach just as you take hold of the water — a sort of hook with the left shoulder — something like that.'

Kelly watched him attentively while he illustrated. Then Kelly took the stool and went through the motions.

'That's the idea,' said Rockwell. 'What would you say to getting up early to-morrow morning and going out with me in a pair oar? I think a little extra practice on just that point would help you a lot.'

'I'm ready to try anything. It's certainly mighty fine of you, Rockwell, to be willing to take all this trouble for me.'

'It's not much trouble; I'd like to help if I can. But I wish you'd not tell any one about it — Willis or anybody else.'

'Why not? You ought to have the credit for doing such a decent thing.'

'No, I want you to promise not to mention it to anybody. It's to be just between you and me.'

Kelly gave the promise reluctantly, not understanding why it should be exacted. Rockwell's

motive was too obscure to be easily explained; he felt that he did not want Willis to receive the impression that he was trying to atone for a fault and set himself right in other people's eyes.

At half past six the next morning he and Kelly were out on the river in a pair oar, Kelly rowing stroke. Sitting behind him, Rockwell offered suggestions and criticism and had the satisfaction of seeing Kelly's oar nip hold of the water exactly at the full reach without any break in his swing.

'You're getting the idea,' he said, after they had rowed for about half an hour. 'I think that's enough practice for this morning; we'll try it again to-morrow.'

Walking away from the boathouse, Kelly unburdened himself of a confession and an apology.

'I thought when you came to see me yesterday you were going to be disagreeable about my taking your place on the crew, and I was all ready to be disagreeable myself. I want to tell you I'm very much ashamed.'

'You needn't be; it was a perfectly reasonable expectation,' Rockwell answered lightly. 'I'm often very disagreeable.'

On the afternoon of the class races Rockwell and Speare stood leaning against the railing of the Esplanade and looking up the Basin towards Harvard Bridge from under which the four crews

must soon emerge. Spectators were scattered in groups all along the Esplanade, but Rockwell and Speare had chosen their position opposite the finish line, and they gazed intently over the smooth water eager for the first glimpse of the crews. Soon four spider-like objects appeared under the spans of the bridge; they came, rapidly magnifying, out into the light, and then the sun flashed on their oars.

'We're the second crew from the wall,' Rockwell said, and he gripped the railing and leaned out over it, trying to discern which crew was leading.

'I think the Seniors are ahead,' remarked Speare.

'No, we're leading them. It's close, but we're leading them; and the Freshmen are third.'

'The Juniors are licked already; they might as well turn and row home. Oh, boy, did you see that crab!'

Nearer and nearer came the crews, and as they approached, the spectators who were scattered along up the Esplanade came hurrying down to be near the finish.

'Look at our fellows!' cried Rockwell, his eyes shining. 'Rowing like one man — no break anywhere!'

'You bet you! Hi! See them draw right away from the others!'

Rockwell made no reply; he was pressing against the rail, leaning far out over it, watching with eager eyes the swiftly approaching boat of the leaders and especially the figure in it who at number 4 was swinging with long, smooth, powerful strokes and getting just the desired play, just the necessary hook with his left shoulder.

'Oh, what a walk-over!' Speare exclaimed as the Sophomore shell passed the judges' boat. 'Four lengths easily.'

'Nearer five.' Rockwell still hung over the rail, following the motions of the victorious crew as they turned their shell round to paddle back up the river.

Speare was impressed by the look of elation in his friend's face when at last he turned towards him.

'You're a good sport, Jim,' he said admiringly. 'I don't know another fellow in your place who would be so happy at seeing Willis's crew win.'

'I call it our crew,' replied Rockwell with a touch of asperity. Then he added in a tone that completely puzzled his friend, 'But we've got to hand it to Willis for having had the gumption to put Kelly in at 4. Did you notice how beautifully that fellow rowed?'

That evening Rockwell was in his room preparing to go out to dinner when there was a

tramping of many feet outside in the corridor and then a mighty knocking on his door.

'Come in!' he called. The door was flung open, and in trooped Willis and the other members of the crew — including the coxswain.

'Rockwell,' said Willis, putting out his hand, 'we've all come to pay our respects and express our thanks to the fellow that really pulled the crew together — and the best oarsman of us all.'

'Bunk!' said Rockwell, turning red. 'Dan Kelly, you betrayed me!'

'Had to,' said Kelly, grinning. 'They were handing me so many compliments I just couldn't keep quiet any longer.'

They stood round for a while and chaffed one another and talked over the race; then one after another they took their departure. Willis lingered until after even Dan Kelly had gone.

'I just want to say one thing more,' he observed. 'Do you remember telling me there were some things it would always be hard for me to understand?'

'I believe I did make some such disagreeable remark. Why do you bring it up now?'

'It was true enough. I haven't much imagination, I guess. But I'll have enough after this to be able to know a real fellow when I see one.'

They shook hands again; and Rockwell felt that perhaps he wouldn't have been any better satisfied if he himself had rowed at number 4.

'But, Bill, it's your duty to do it. You owe it to the college.'

At Joe Bennett's appeal so earnestly expressed, Bill Gordon's troubled face showed an ironical smile.

'What difference does a ball game make to the college? A crowd of undergraduates and alumni yell like fools if we win and feel sore for a few minutes if we lose — but the college is no better or worse off than before.'

'I mean by the college the fellows that take an interest, and the alumni,' said Joe.

'I don't owe it to them to play baseball. I owe it to myself and my family to cut out everything that may interfere with my getting my degree.'

'You're a senior in perfectly good standing. What are you afraid of?'

'The divisional examinations next month. If it weren't for those — if I had only this year's work to be examined on — I'd take a chance and play ball gladly. But now that a fellow can't get a degree unless he also passes an oral and written examination covering pretty much his whole college course, I'm terrified. The degree means everything to me. If I don't get it, I

can't enter the Medical School in the fall. And I can't afford to come back for another year just to get the degree. I've had to dig pretty hard this year to earn some money to help meet my expenses.'

Joe nodded sympathetically and looked gloomily out of Bill's window. In the April sunlight the grass of the Harvard Yard was fresh and green; two youths in tennis flannels, carrying racquets, were hastening along one of the paths. In fifteen minutes Joe Bennett would have to start for the first outdoor baseball practice on Soldier's Field. He still hoped to bring Bill Gordon with him.

'But we need you to pitch, Bill; honestly, we shan't have a chance against Yale without you for pitcher. I've gone over it with the coach; we know only too well what Norton and Kennedy and Hallam can do. There's no one else. We need you for your batting, and we've simply got to have you for your pitching.'

'Don't you suppose I want to play?' Bill asked. 'I love playing ball; the greatest fun I ever had was pitching that game against Yale last year. But if I fool with the horsehide I'm afraid I shan't get the sheepskin.'

'You've always passed your examinations. You've never had any trouble.'

'I've never done more than barely pass. I

'think I know my subjects pretty well — better than my work in examinations shows. I'm slow, and I don't express myself well in answering the questions. And the general examination next month will be much more stiff than anything I've ever had before. Unless I give all my time to preparing for it I'm likely to be ruined.'

'You're much more likely to do poorly if you don't get a reasonable amount of fun and exercise. That's all that 'Varsity baseball means to you, Bill — just fun and exercise. You're not like some fellows who get nervous and worked up over it, can't sleep at night or study by day for thinking about it. Come on, Bill; say you'll play. Come down to Soldier's Field with me now.'

'I refuse to be tempted. Run along, Joe; let me alone.'

'I'll be hanged if I will. It means too much to me. What's more, it means too much to my father.' Joe watched keenly for the effect of those words and was not disappointed. Bill was both startled and interested.

'Your father! How does it affect him?'

'I suppose you think of him as just a surgeon — a crack surgeon, too busy with patients and operations to have any other interests.'

'Of course I know he's very busy all the time.' Bill's voice was touched with reverence as he

spoke of Dr. Bennett, some of whose surgical clinics he had been permitted, at Joe's request, to attend.

'Father's very much interested in you. He thinks you're just about right. That time when you came up to him after one of his clinics and told him you'd like to give your blood for a transfusion operation, for the sake of the experience as well as the patient — Father said that showed the true scientific spirit.'

'I never got the chance, though,' Bill spoke regretfully.

'You might have if it hadn't been for me. I told Father he mustn't let you in for anything like that, for it might weaken you, and that would weaken the team. And he cares a lot about our success. He played ball in college himself, and when I was made captain it was as if some one had handed him a million dollars. And if my team is licked, it will be a good deal worse for him than if he'd lost a million dollars. You won't go back on us, will you, Bill? You'll pass your examinations and get your degree all right. Playing ball won't affect the result. And Father will welcome you next year in the Medical School all the more for your having helped my team to win.'

Bill meditated, a frown creasing his dark brows. If he could help his friend to end his

college course with triumph instead of in defeat, oughtn't he to do it? Perhaps he was needlessly apprehensive about the examinations. And Dr. Bennett had been so kind to him and would probably be so helpful to him later that anything he could do now to bring satisfaction to the doctor ——

'Confound you, Joe,' and a smile chased away Bill's frown. 'I suppose I'm weak-minded. I give in.'

'Boy!' cried Joe, springing from his chair and dragging Bill to his feet. 'You'll never regret it — you'll finish your year in a blaze of glory! Come on now, and we'll limber up the old wing.'

In the days that followed, Bill tried to put from him misgivings about his wisdom in yielding to Joe's plea. It was a satisfaction to be with the team again, taking his turn in the pitcher's box or playing right field; his batting made him too valuable a man to be kept on the bench in games when he didn't pitch. The games that he did pitch Harvard won without exception; the team played confidently and he himself felt the elation of mastery, of power. With the seasoning of a year, his fault of the previous season, a tendency under severe pressure to lose control, seemed to have disappeared, and his speed and effectiveness had increased.

But although he did his work on the ball field

smoothly and well, he did not achieve it with effortless ease. He felt healthily weary at the end of the day, and however firmly resolved he might be to put in a long evening of hard study, drowsiness would overwhelm him and drive him to bed at an early hour. He applied himself so closely to his books during the day that he hoped he was not losing much ground by curtailing the evening study period. Social pleasures, moving pictures, all diversions he cut from his schedule; the only indulgence that he allowed himself was attendance once a week at Dr. Bennett's clinic in Boston. The surgeon seemed pleased by Bill's interest and invited him on one occasion to accompany him on his hospital rounds. That was an opportunity that Bill could not forego; he spent the morning following Dr. Bennett through the wards; he observed him as he dressed wounds and talked with patients and nurses; he listened attentively to the explanatory remarks that the surgeon sometimes proffered. When Bill left the hospital, his mind danced in a sort of ecstatic eagerness, his fingers tingled with an impulse to be working on a patient as Dr. Bennett's fingers had worked, his imagination presented him with pictures of himself bending over the sick-bed or the operating table.

'You've been mighty kind to let me go round with you, Dr. Bennett,' he said.

'It's something I could never persuade Joe to do. He's sure of his future in one sense; he won't follow in his father's footsteps.'

'I don't understand it. When he has such a wonderful chance! I wish I could wipe out the next five months and wake up to-morrow to find myself in the Medical School!'

'You wouldn't want to wipe out the Yale ball games, would you?'

'Yes, everything. I'm impatient to begin.'

Dr. Bennett gave him an amused but sympathetic glance. He turned the conversation to baseball. 'Joe seems to be in a batting slump. What's the matter with him?'

Bill answered reassuringly and thought it odd that Dr. Bennett after doing delicate and important work could shift his interest so readily to a discussion of baseball — even though his son was captain of the nine.

The day came when Bill entered the examination room and faced the committee of examiners. Under their questioning, he became confused and gave answers that he knew to be inadequate. When he was finally dismissed he left the room with a heavy heart, for he was aware that he had not done well, and he feared that he had failed.

But there was still the written examination to be taken; perhaps if he showed then that he really had a good knowledge of the subject, he

would be dealt with leniently. Some of the fellows said that allowance was made for panic in the oral examination; Bill hadn't much doubt that his perspiring face and his hesitating, unfinished answers had betrayed his nervous agitation. He hadn't supposed he would get so rattled, appearing before a small group of men; it was shameful, at his age! Yet he knew that in a really much more important thing, a matter of life and death, a capital operation, if he were capable now of performing one, he wouldn't get rattled. People's nerves were queer things.

His nerves didn't trouble him when he took the written examination. He worked steadily and calmly during all the time allotted. The paper was divided into three parts; he did the first part well, and half of the second part, and he could have done the third section creditably if he had been given time. But he had to hand his book in without answering any of the questions in the third section. He hoped that a deficiency due to slowness in communicating his knowledge, not to ignorance, would be condoned and that he would be allowed a passing mark. It all depended on whether the examiner who should grade his paper was human or not. Probably he would be; there was no use in worrying.

With the examinations behind him, Bill

showed a livelier spirit, a freer action on the ball field. But far more interesting, more exciting even than preliminary ball games were the mornings that he spent at the Medical School or the hospital, watching Dr. Bennett. The surgeon, for his part, was surprised at the understanding of medical matters that Bill's questions often revealed.

'You know nearly as much as some first year students,' remarked Dr. Bennett. 'You'll have quite a lead on the other members of the class when you enter the School. I don't see how you've picked up so much miscellaneous medical knowledge.'

'I seem to take it in more easily than I do the subjects I've been studying in College. It will be a relief when I hear that I'm eligible to enter the Medical School.'

'Eligible! Of course you will be. Don't give that question a thought.'

On Monday of Commencement week the first game with Yale was to be played in New Haven. On Thursday of the preceding week Dr. Bennett returned to his house after his morning visit to the hospital and found his son Joe awaiting him in a state of extreme agitation.

'Dad, I'm feeling awfully,' Joe exclaimed. 'Bill Gordon has just heard that he failed his divisional examinations and so won't get his

degree. And I feel sort of responsible, for he didn't want to play ball — he was afraid that if he did he'd flunk — but I urged him and begged him — said we couldn't win without him and it would mean everything to me if he'd play — so at last he gave in. And now he can't enter the Medical School, and he can't afford to stay round another year and work for the degree, and he's all broken up about it. Isn't there anything you can do?'

'That's too bad!' Dr. Bennett looked no less disturbed than his son. 'I can't understand it — a fellow so intelligent and conscientious ——'

'He's slow at examinations and he got sort of rattled and confused in the orals. But when his work in all his courses has always been satisfactory — couldn't you get them to reconsider his case?'

'I'll make some inquiry about it, but I'm afraid it won't do much good. The examiners have their own standard, and if a fellow's work doesn't measure up to it — he is simply out of luck.'

'He'd set his heart so on entering the Medical School in the fall! And I can't help thinking it's my fault that he won't be able to! I wish I could let him have my degree!'

'I don't suppose he holds you to blame'

'No, he's not that kind. But I feel it myself.

Won't you go right out to Cambridge now, Dad, and see the Dean or the President or somebody?'

Dr. Bennett's attempt at intercession with the authorities proved fruitless. Although they expressed sympathy for Gordon and admitted that the case was a hard one, they felt they must abide by the report of the examining board. And it was too late to permit a change to be made in that report, even if the board should be willing to consent to it.

Dr. Bennett walked from the college office to his son's room, where he found not only Joe but also Bill Gordon anxiously awaiting him.

'I didn't suppose it would do any good,' was Bill's comment, 'but you were mighty kind to take such an interest, Dr. Bennett. I've had a talk with Professor Jamieson, the chairman of the examiners, and he told me they couldn't do anything for me.'

'You mustn't give up the idea of medicine,' said Dr. Bennett. 'Come back next year and get your degree; you're young enough so that you can afford another year of college work.'

Bill shook his head. 'I can't afford it. I guess the thing for me to do is to go home to New Hampshire and help Father in the store.'

'We'll make a surgeon of you yet; we've got to. Don't think about this disappointment;

enjoy the baseball and all the festivities next week.'

That, Bill felt, would be impossible. If it weren't for his obligation to the nine, he would leave Cambridge at once; it was humiliating to stay there, with every one knowing he had failed. He felt his family's disappointment as keenly as his own; his mother and father had planned to come down from New Hampshire for his Commencement; they sent word to him that now they would stay at home. They had seen him play baseball the year before, and as there was nothing else to come to Cambridge for it seemed hardly worth while to make the trip. The letter cut Bill to the quick, for although it contained no reproach it intimated clearly enough the thought that of course was in their minds — that their sacrifice in sending him to college had been fruitless, that he had thrown away his opportunity. And he supposed he had; he could never be really happy doing anything but surgery, and what chance had he now to achieve that happiness!

When Joe Bennett came home on Sunday he told his father that he had wanted to bring Bill with him but that Bill had refused to come.

'He's packing up — getting everything ready so that he can go home right after the game on Tuesday. He won't stay for Commencement.

I don't know how he'll show up in the game to-morrow, feeling so blue as he does. Anyway he'll start in right field; Coach Murray is going to hold him over to pitch in Cambridge on Tuesday.'

'If he's the fellow I think he is, his disappointment won't affect his playing,' said Dr. Bennett.

Late the next afternoon Dr. Bennett called up the Harvard Club to ask who had won the ball game. 'Harvard, 8 to 7,' came the answer. A few minutes later his telephone rang; he was asked to hold the line: New Haven was calling. Then came Joe's voice, elated. 'Hello, Dad. We won, 8 to 7. Bill saved the day for us. Jim Norton was knocked out of the box in the seventh, with the score a tie, no one out and two men on bases; Bill came in from right field, and Yale never scored again.'

'Fine work!' exclaimed Dr. Bennett. 'How did you play, Joe?'

'Oh, not too badly. Got two hits — no errors. We ought to make a clean-up to-morrow with Bill in the box. See you then, Dad.'

'Yes. Congratulations. Keep up the good work.'

Dr. Bennett hung up the receiver feeling well pleased, almost as much for Bill's sake as for Joe's.

Immediately after luncheon the next day he

motored out to Soldier's Field with his friend and classmate Robert Sterling, senior member of the well-known Boston banking house, Sterling, Carr & Company. Dr. Bennett wished to take his seat early in order to watch all the preliminary practice under his son's leadership; Mr. Sterling was glad to go early in order to be present when the various classes that were holding reunions made their entrance in costume. While they sat together on the as yet thinly occupied bleachers, Dr. Bennett told his friend of the ill luck that had befallen Bill Gordon. Mr. Sterling expressed sympathy and some indignation. 'A fellow who has passed all his courses ought to be allowed to graduate even though he does slip up on a general examination,' he declared.

'This fellow certainly ought to be given his degree,' said Dr. Bennett. 'But I suppose that when the college sets forth its requirements, it can't make any exceptions.'

He pointed Bill out to his friend; Bill was just below them, pitching slow balls to Ted Clarke, the catcher.

'Good looking fellow,' said Sterling. 'No sense in flunking a fellow who looks like that — and with his record!'

Rapidly the stands filled with spectators; off at the farther end of Soldier's Field, beyond the ball ground, various classes of the Alumni began

to form for the parade. And presently the march across the Field began, led by the oldest of the classes, men too elderly to appear in fancy dress, but carrying banners and stepping out with considerable liveliness to the blare of the brass bands; following them came the costume brigade, classes in various bizarre uniforms, some of them attired as Chinese coolies, others wearing gowns of yellow and black, others in green blazers and white trousers, others in maroon jackets and carrying toy balloons — and each class with its own brass band that banged and blew and clashed and crashed with a hearty indifference to the sounds produced by the others. But at last all the paraders were marshaled off the field and into their seats, the Harvard team took the field, the umpire in long drawn shout announced that the batteries would be — 'For Harvard, Gordon pitching, Clarke catching; for Yale, Wheeler pitching, Jones catching.' And then the game began.

The first Yale batter hit a slow grounder towards Joe at shortstop, and Joe, running in, picked the ball up cleanly but threw so wide to first base that the runner was safe. Dr. Bennett groaned and murmured, 'Oh, Joe!' His friend said consolingly, 'Never mind; now the boy's got it out of his system.'

The next batter sacrificed, advancing the

runner to second; the third man up hit a single to center field and the runner scored.

'All right, Bill boy.' — 'Put 'em over, Bill.' — 'Keep going, Bill.' — With such chatter the various Harvard infielders encouraged their pitcher.

Bill paid no attention to them. Did the Yale nine think they were going to crown his ignominy by knocking him out of the box? Not much, he said to himself grimly; and taking his time, he struck out the next two batters, and the Harvard stands cheered him as he walked to the bench.

But Fortune seemed to have averted her face from Harvard — and especially from Bill. In the next three innings, although he pitched effectively and kept the hits scattered, loose fielding on the part of the Harvard nine allowed Yale two more runs. Meanwhile Harvard failed to score. In the fifth inning Harvard made one run, and in the sixth amidst immense enthusiasm another. But the seventh was disastrous; after one man was out, the Harvard left fielder dropped a fly ball, the Harvard second baseman made a wild throw, Bill gave a base on balls, and the next batter singled to right field. Two runs came in, men were on third base and first, and there was only one out. The Yale man who now came to bat was the longest and surest hitter on the nine. Bill decided to give him his base on

balls and pitch his hardest to the two succeeding batters. But Joe Bennett interpreted the act as a sign that Bill was weakening; he stepped up to him after the fourth ball had been pitched and said,

'Bill, old man, it isn't your fault; you pitched yesterday and saved the day, and now you're tired.'

'I'm not tired,' said Bill, and his jaw hardened.

'I think you are, really. It's not your fault they're ahead; we've given you rotten support; but I think now we'd do better to put Hallam in.'

'All right.'

Bill turned and walked out to right field, and Hallam who had been playing that position came in to pitch.

'I'm sorry Joe had to do that,' Dr. Bennett said to his companion.

'Playing in hard luck all round, Gordon is,' replied Mr. Sterling. 'It's errors, not bad pitching, that's beating Harvard.'

Dr. Bennett better than Joe, whose mind was completely given to the game, imagined how Bill was feeling. One more failure, one more humiliation to mark the close of his college career — and undeserved at that. Dr. Bennett's eyes rested sympathetically on the figure in right field.

Yet the immediate event seemed to vindicate Joe Bennett's judgment. For on a short infield hit the Yale runner on third was thrown out at home; the next batter hit a fly to left field, retiring the side. The score remained 5 to 2 in favor of Yale; it was still 5 to 2 when Harvard came to bat in the last half of the ninth inning. Joe Bennett, first up, singled to right field. On a sacrifice hit he went to second. The next batter popped up a foul fly which the Yale catcher disposed of, and most of the spectators began to leave the stands. Dr. Bennett held his seat, determined not to move until the last play had been made; Mr. Sterling stayed with him. The exodus halted for a moment when the next Harvard man beat out a slow rolling hit towards first, Joe Bennett going to third. Then Frank Carey, Harvard left fielder, drew a base on balls; the bases were filled with two out; all the spectators were on their feet as Bill Gordon faced the Yale pitcher.

Was it to be his fate to suffer still another humiliation, to end this game and his college course with an ignoble strike-out? Fate was his enemy — but he was going to lick it at the last! He stamped his foot and whanged his bat on the rubber slab, and glared at the pitcher. There wasn't a tremor of a nerve, a quiver of a muscle as he stood with his bat resting lightly against

his shoulder. The ball sped by, and he did not move a muscle. 'Ball one' — and the crowd shouted.

But the next ball he stepped forth to meet, the bat crashed against it and he was off, racing to first, racing to second, chasing his three teammates round the bases while the Yale pitcher stood gazing helplessly toward the outfield, and the left fielder and the center fielder frantically pursued the ball that had been driven far beyond them and was still rolling, rolling. And amidst the tumult of the spectators who poured out on the field, shouting, leaping, waving hands and hats in air, Bill crossed the plate with the winning run and rushed into the arms of his teammates. Then, while the crowd swarmed round, laughing and cheering jubilantly, and the Yale nine looked on dolefully, Bill, raised aloft on the shoulders of his fellow players, made the circuit of the bases for the second time.

Up in the stands Mr. Sterling said to Dr. Bennett in a voice that was hoarse from shouting,

'Jim, did you say that boy was down on his luck? A fellow that can make a fighting finish like that — ! I'll make a place for him in my office, and I'll guarantee he won't have to worry too much about his finances.'

'You will not,' said Dr. Bennett, and his voice

too was hoarse. 'He's going to be a surgeon — not a banker.'

By right of being the captain's father, Dr. Bennett gained admittance to the team's dressing-room.

'Here's the fellow that made the hit heard round the world!' called Joe, dragging Bill half undressed away from the group of noisy, laughing ball players. 'And he had his trunk all packed, ready to leave for home to-night! Fat chance you have of getting away, Bill!'

'We'll take him home with us instead,' said Dr. Bennett.

'No, the team are all going to dine together and Bill will certainly be the guest of honor. And he's going to be here on Commencement and go to the Boat Race; the picture won't be complete without him. Aren't you, Bill?'

'Boat Race, perhaps,' compromised Bill. 'Not Commencement.'

'I want to have a word with you alone, Bill,' said Dr. Bennett. 'I'll see you outside, after you're dressed.'

When, a few moments later, Bill appeared, Dr. Bennett took his arm and walked with him slowly back and forth.

'I saw the game with a friend of mine who's a banker; I told him something about you and your problems. And after the game he turned

and said to me that you could come into his office at any time — that you were the sort of fellow he could use. And I think he wasn't altogether swept away by momentary enthusiasm. He'll give you a job if you go to him — and it ought to be one with a pretty sound financial future. But I told him you were going to be a surgeon — not a banker. I was right, wasn't I?'

'Of course that's what I want to be.'

'It's what you must be. I'll lend you the money that you'll need this coming year — and whatever you may need later while you're studying. You can repay some of the loan by giving me clerical help at times — and the rest can wait till you're established in practice. I've been thinking of this since I first heard of your difficulties; your performance this afternoon confirms my faith in you as a fellow who doesn't wilt and doesn't quit. So next year come back and get your degree, do what work you can under my direction, and be prepared to enter the Medical School a year from next fall. What do you say?'

The look in Bill's eyes and the grip of his hand spoke for him; for a moment he could say nothing.

THE END

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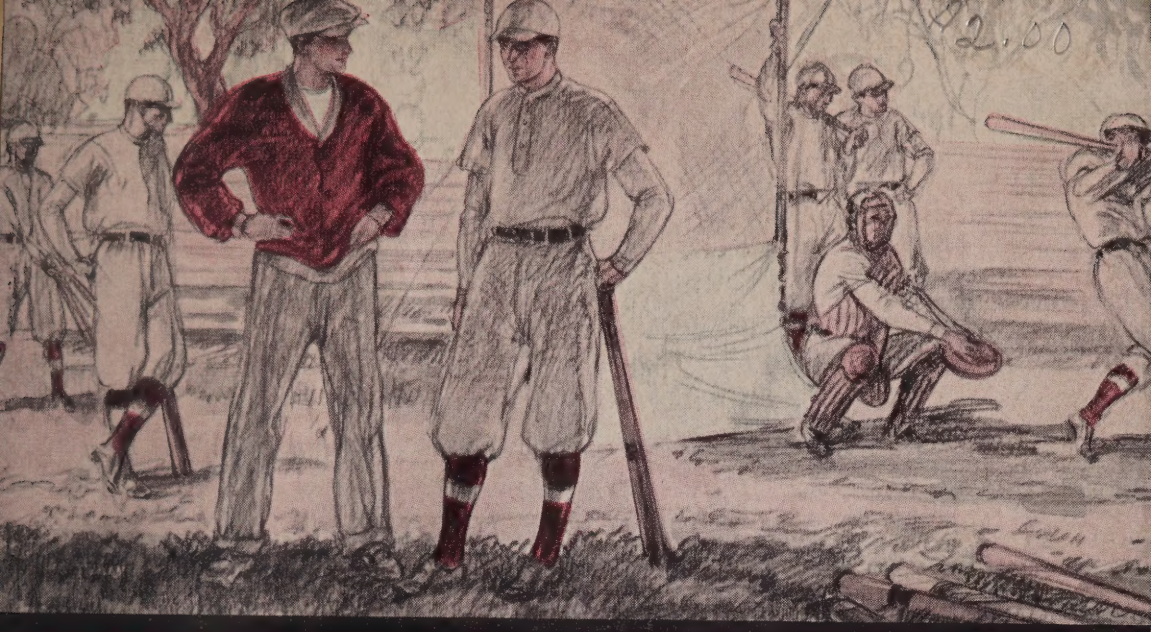

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

Stories of Harvard Athletics

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER